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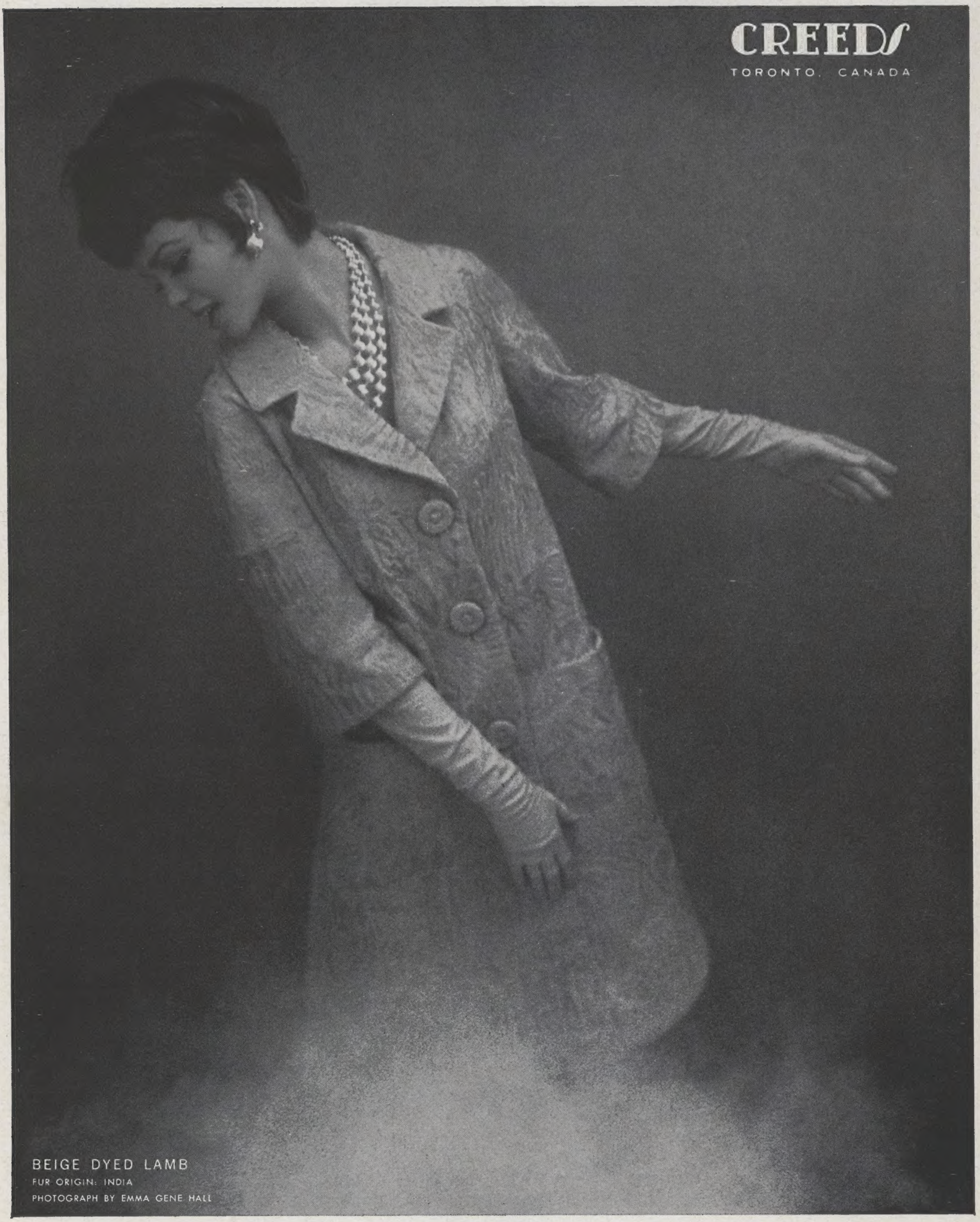
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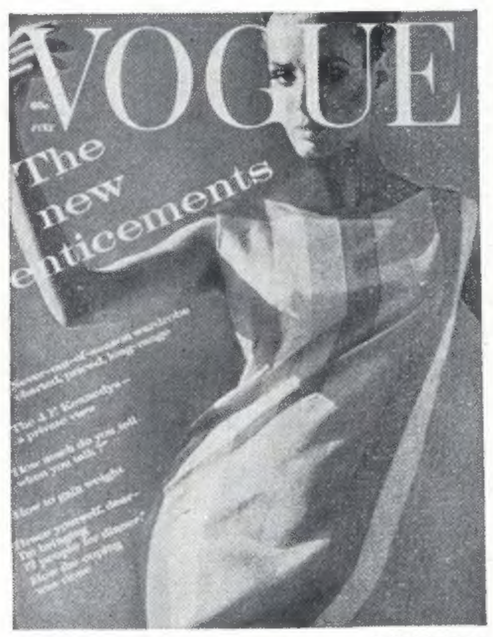
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JULY, 1961

COVER

Awash with poster-paint colours, this dazzling silk sliver. It's as straight as its stripes and as sinuous as smoke. We see it for beach or resort, for breakfast on the terrace, town or country. Accessories (besides a good sun tan): bare arms, legs bare from the knees down. Off the beach, add sandals for groundwork. At Serendipity 3 of silk surah, about $35. Also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Make-up for a fresh, young, just-you-and-your-sun-tan look, by Tussy. Delicate colour for lips: Tussy's Enchanté Pink.



BERT STERN

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Dear A,
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B.

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Dear S,
Gentlemen prefer 'Sugar Blonde.' It's so simpatico with every color in my wardrobe.
Olé!
B.

Afternoon Dress by Estevez



Dear J,
What a splash! Me - in 'Sugar Peach.' (A luscious peach, blushing with gold.)
B.

Beach Costume by Eve Stillman

Hats by Mr John • Jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels • 'So Natural!' Salon Wave by REALISTIC

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Photographed in Laguna, California

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Cole *of California*

Soft-shirt revival: the fabric behind it







News here of a just-invented fabric
and the trend it's launching in men's clothes—a return to
the easy elegance of supple unstarchy shirts.
The fabric—a blend of Dacron and silk—has a
bonus in effortless upkeep. All by
Matson. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus.
Above: Easygoing nine-to-five shirt—
white with moderately-spread collar, French cuffs. About $13.





White dress shirt with a panel of pleats—unstitched,
but they're the permanent kind. The
upkeep here is no more elaborate
than for a sports shirt. French cuffs. About $17.

PAUL RADKAI



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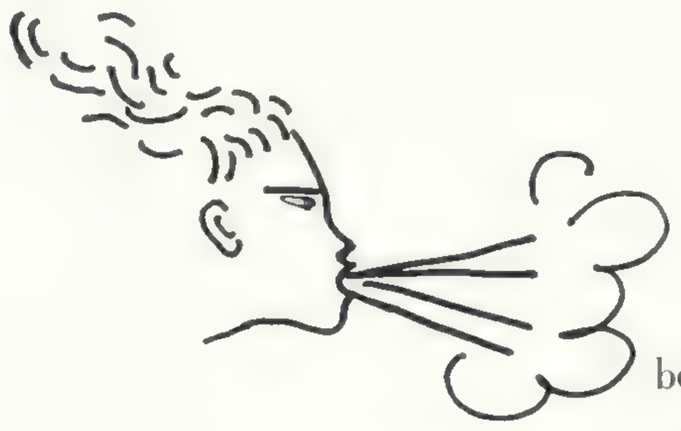


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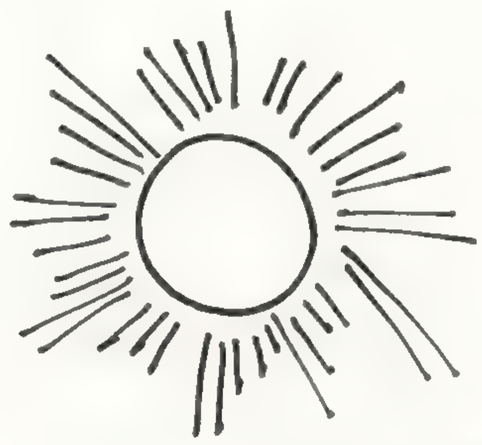
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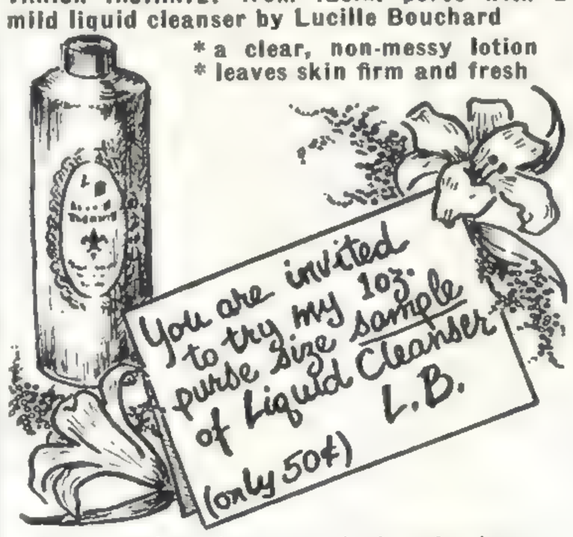
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SHOP



1

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1. Blaze-of-pink beach hat—we see it as a brilliant topping for a poison-green bathing suit—or perhaps for a green-and-white print. Milan straw braid with a convertible brim that can be turned down for shade; also in coffee or turquoise. By Therese Ahrens, $7. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.
2. The newest place to wear a hair bow: midway down the swerve of a cheeky wave. The bow itself might be black velvet or black patent, or one of many colours in capeskin or straw. All by Colony, $2 each. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.
3. Very full, swingy and cool, a child's play dress of yellow-and-white seersucker, with panties to match. To buy in multiples—perhaps one yellow, one in pink and white. Sizes 2 to 3X, $6.95 ppd. Lullabye Shop, 224 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.

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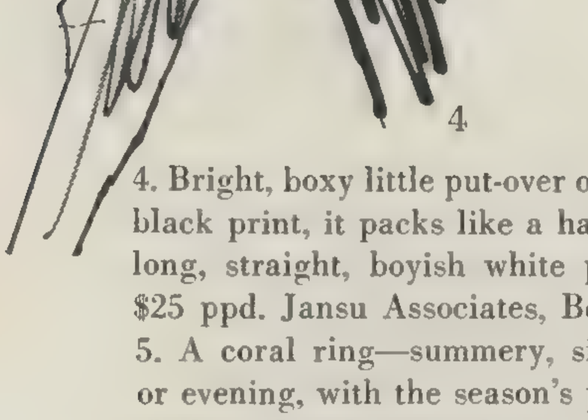


3

EVELYN MARCIL

HOUND

...serves up July news



4



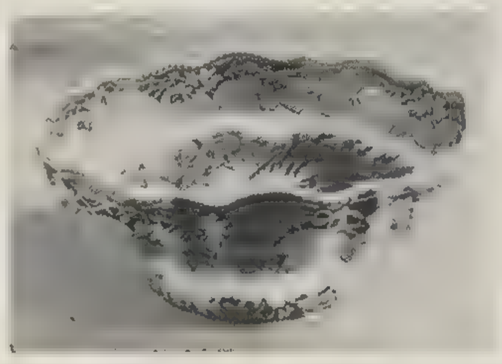
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4. Bright, boxy little put-over of Siamese silk; a cerise, white, and black print, it packs like a handkerchief, looks marvellous with long, straight, boyish white pants or a white skirt. S, M, L; $25 ppd. Jansu Associates, Box 356, 217 E. 70th St., N. Y. 21.
5. A coral ring—summery, simple, small-domed—to wear, day or evening, with the season's pale beiges and creamy whites. By Fashion Jewels, $66 plus tax. I. Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.
6. Italian sandals—cool footnotes for shorts and shifty little beach dresses. In bone or red leather with cork-covered heels; sizes 5 to 9, $3.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Northport, New York.
7. Graceful china bowl, a Vista pattern in blue, brown, or pink with white; it might be heaped with summer fruit or flowers; 10″ diameter, $10.95 ppd. Here's How, 95 Fifth Avenue, New York 3.

6



7





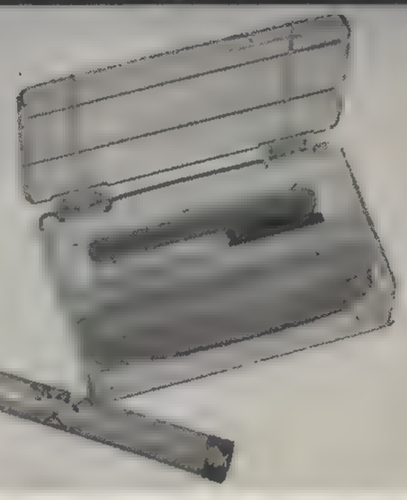
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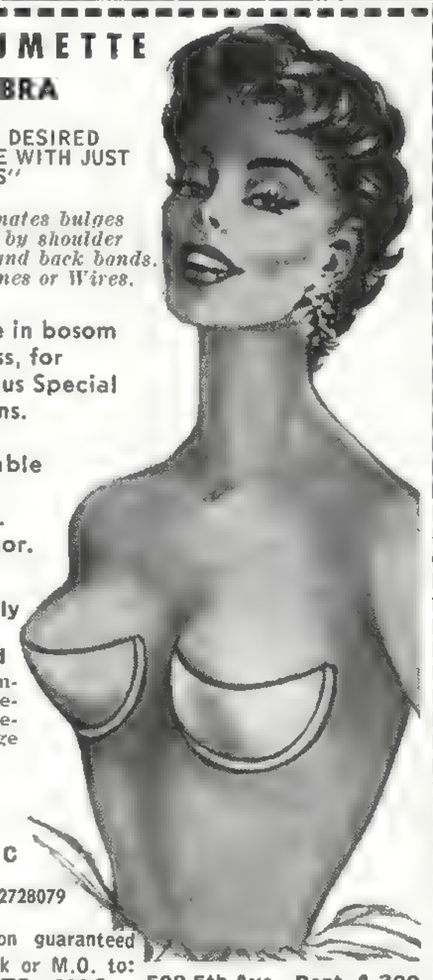
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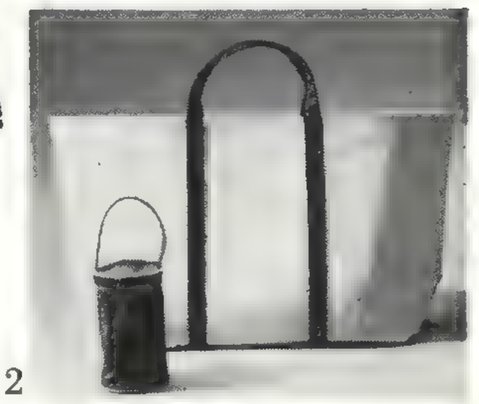


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1



2

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3. Midsummer replacement for pearls: non-weighty necklaces (cork, bamboo, wood beads) in crash colours, to wear in head-on combinations—for instance, pink beads on citron linen. Here, two necklaces, pink and orange; also purple, aqua, blue, yellow. $2.50 tax inc., ppd. Stephanie Imports, 286 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1.
4. Child's terry-cloth beach cape, to drop on over a wet bathing suit. Yellow with white trimming; also blue or pink. $6 ppd.; fits 3 to 7. Lotte Loning-Loja, 42 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19.

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3



4

HOUND



. . . digs July shopping news



5

Good way to cope with a summer squint that's becoming chronic: little wings of adhesive, taped on between the brows whenever you're alone, will hold the skin taut, make you smooth-conscious even after you've taken them off. Package of 60 costs $1.20. Wings Products, 11 West State St., Dept. V-7, Trenton, N. J.

5. From Capri, the thinnest, lightest kind of silk-knit sliver—it weighs only 4 ounces, takes up about as much suitcase-space as a scarf—and it emerges uncrushed, ready for day wear or evening. Marvellous, of course, for air travel. Several prints, bright-coloured flowers scattered on pale grounds. Sizes 10 to 16; $75. At Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
6. Flower-flecked sneakers with sturdy white rubber soles: blue, green, yellow, or pink blossoms on white cotton; 5 to 9, slender and medium widths, $7. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19.
7. Crisp, hand-smocked—a little girl's summer dress, pretty enough for afternoon visits, for church on Sunday, worn with a natural straw roller. The print, pink rosebuds scattered on cool white cotton. Sizes 2 to 3X, $10.50 ppd.; 3 to 6X, $12.50 ppd. Petite Chose, Box 676, Huntington, Long Island, New York.



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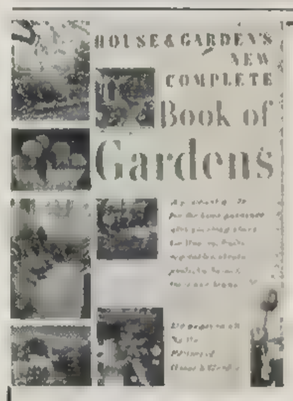


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Mittersill Alpine Inn & Chalets. A Treadway Inn resort, pool, tennis, golf, riding, fishing, White Mtn. rambles. Wonderful meals. A or E Plans.

Peckett's On Sugar Hill Club. New England charm. Cottages. Pool. Open June 22 to Oct. 16. Reservations by application. Tel. Fran. VA 3-5555.

JACKSON

Eagle Mountain House. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Golf course. Pool. All summer sports. Social Program. Excellent meals. June 30-Oct. 16.

JACKSON (WHITE MTS.)

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WHITEFIELD



Mountain View House

Friendly informality, good food, charming setting—these are the traditions of hospitality of the Dodge family for four generations. Distinguished clientele. Golf, tennis, swimming, skeet, shuffleboard, movies, dancing, outdoor luncheons and other entertainment. Cocktail lounge. June through October $17 to $22 Amer. Plan. Special rates for honeymooners. 185 Rooms. N.Y. Res. Off.: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tele: CI 6-7885

NEW JERSEY

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SPRING LAKE BEACH

The Monmouth Hotel. Famed hotel, superb resort, 50 miles from NYC. Ocean Front, pvt. beach and pool. Open June 23. Felix H. Standen, Gen. Mgr.

Washington, D.C., in summer

One of the most celebrated attractions in America is Washington, D.C. Shady with tall trees, green with parks, it has an unexpected quiet, particularly before the dignity of the great monuments. Among the things to do and look at: the river rides down the Potomac to Mount Vernon with a one-hour stop for sight-seeing—boats leave at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and, except on Mondays, 8 P.M. Every evening at 8:30, concerts on the East Front Steps of the Capitol, and four nights a week along the banks of the Potomac at Watergate. Friday evenings at nine, the Marine Corps parades at the Marine Barracks; and every Tuesday at four, the solemn Memorial Service at the statue of Iwo Jima—the drum and bugle corps plays, and the Marine Colour Guard stands at attention. On September 16 and 17, the power-boat race for the President's Cup—fast boats averaging 100 miles an hour roar down the Potomac River.

Continuing pleasures: the incomparable Oriental collection at the Freer Gallery, which also owns a number of Whistler paintings as well as The Peacock Room he designed. The Phillips Gallery, a house of masterpieces, has many nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, with one small room just for Klee.

Some twenty-five miles southwest of the Capitol, on July 22 and 23, there will be a spectacular of the Civil War Centennial, the Battle of Manassas. Wearing the blue and the grey, over thirty-five hundred actors fight a mock battle on the green slopes of the Bull Run Mountains. Muskets and cannons will roar, bugles will scream, and a commentator will try to explain it all. Seats $2.50 to $4; for reservations write: First Manassas Corporation, 110 North Battle Street, Manassas, Virginia.

NEW JERSEY

SPRING LAKE BEACH



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Directly on the Ocean with our own private bathing beach and Beach Club, in one of America's most fastidious resorts of beautiful villas and gardens. Charming, historic back-country too. Cocktail Room, dancing, every luxury, and all sports, golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, supervised activities for children. Near Monmouth Park. Opens June 22nd. Color Brochure. Fred O. Cosgrove. Owner-Mgr. Phone GIbson 9-8800.

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CASHIERS

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PENNSYLVANIA

EAGLES MERE

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TAFTON

Lenape Village. Cottage-Lake Resort for the whole family, sky-high in the Poconos. Sailing, fishing, sports, fine food. Honeymoon specials. Bklt.

PENNSYLVANIA

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Bedford Springs Hotel

3000-acre resort hotel located in Allegheny Mountains. Largest and finest in Western Pennsylvania. 18-hole championship golf course. New pitch 'n putt course. Indoor and outdoor swimming pools and lake. Tennis, dancing, fishing, supervised children's play. Right off Pa. Turnpike on Route 220 South. Write L. Gardner Moore, General Manager, Box 341, Bedford, Pa.

VERMONT

STOWE (MT. MANSFIELD)



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Escape to the cool Green Mts. Play, relax in a world of sport. Enjoy panoramic views, continental atmosphere, our renowned French cuisine and epicurean wine cellar. Heated pool, 5 courts, own stable; golf nearby. Cocktail lounges, dancing. Country auctions, summer theatre. Reservations: Telephone Stowe ALpine 3-7311 or write Ivor Petrak, Manager. Color Folder.

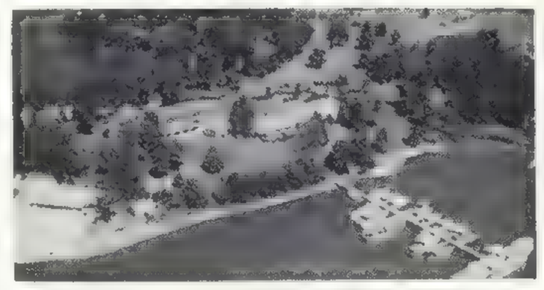
VERMONT

WILMINGTON

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VIRGINIA

IRVINGTON



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Inn, Lodge & Motor House

A visit to historic Williamsburg is more than a journey back to colonial days. It is an opportunity to enjoy a delightful vacation. Fine lodgings in modern hotels, guest houses, restored taverns and the Motor House. Excellent food and service. Golf, tennis and other seasonal sports. Come and see the Governor's Palace, Capitol and other famous buildings, watch craftsmen at their benches and don't miss visiting nearby Jamestown and Yorktown. For information write Box 718, Williamsburg, Virginia or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, Telephone CIrcle 6-6800.

BAHAMAS

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Emerald Beach Hotel

Oceanfront, with private ⅓ mile beach. Pool, 9-hole pitch 'n' putt course, tennis, shuffle-board, all water sports. Landscaped gardens. Entertainment nightly. Air-conditioned, open all year. See a travel agent or call JA 4-3486, Atlanta; MO 4-5100, Chicago; WO 2-2700, Detroit; DU 8-1151, Los Angeles; PL 4-1667, Miami; MU 8-0123, New York; EX 7-2717, San Francisco; FE 8-6481, Washington; EM 3-1648, Toronto.

JAMAICA, W.I.

OCHO RIOS

Plantation Inn. Luxury and gracious living are the highlights of this distinguished resort. Your travel agent or William P. Wolfe Organization.

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY

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The Condé Nast Publications has published a Travel Guide. You will find helpful suggestions on places to stay, have fun, eat fine food and relax. There is no charge for this booklet. If you have not sent for your copy, write to Vogue, % The Condé Nast Travel Guide, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

東洋眞珠、一番色

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One of 23 dazzling fashion shades of Color Plus, the miracle nail enamel and strengthener *that helps stop splitting nails.*

COLOR PLUS

by Lanolin Plus®



Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.




pick a california Orange
This summer—
reach for the sun with orange!
Candy Orange—cool, pure and ripe—a love-match with blue, fashion's sun madness with pink.
Brandy Orange—a glowing, lick-your-lips color that is part sun, part fun—all sheer intoxication with pale pastels.
Candy Orange and Brandy Orange—new all-glow No Shine lipsticks, each 1.00. Both matched to your fingertips in Iridescent Nail Satin, each .95
no Shine lipsticks by
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HOLLYWOOD LONDON PARIS



©BY LENTHÉRIC, 1961

No matter how humid it gets outside, Bain d'Or Freshener and Powder can make you feel as if you just took a bath—all day long. Bain d'Or (Bath of Gold) After Bath Freshener is the coolest, most lasting you've ever used. Bain d'Or Bath Powder is the softest, finest powder made. Perfect way to care for your skin and make your whole summer comfortable. How much Bain d'Or will you need? How cool and fragrant do you want your skin to be?

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AFTER BATH FRESHENER $2.50
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MOISTURIZING LOTION $1.75, $3
BUBBLING BATH OIL $2.75, $5
BATH OIL FOR DRY SKIN $3, $5

BY LENTHÉRIC

PARIS, NEW YORK

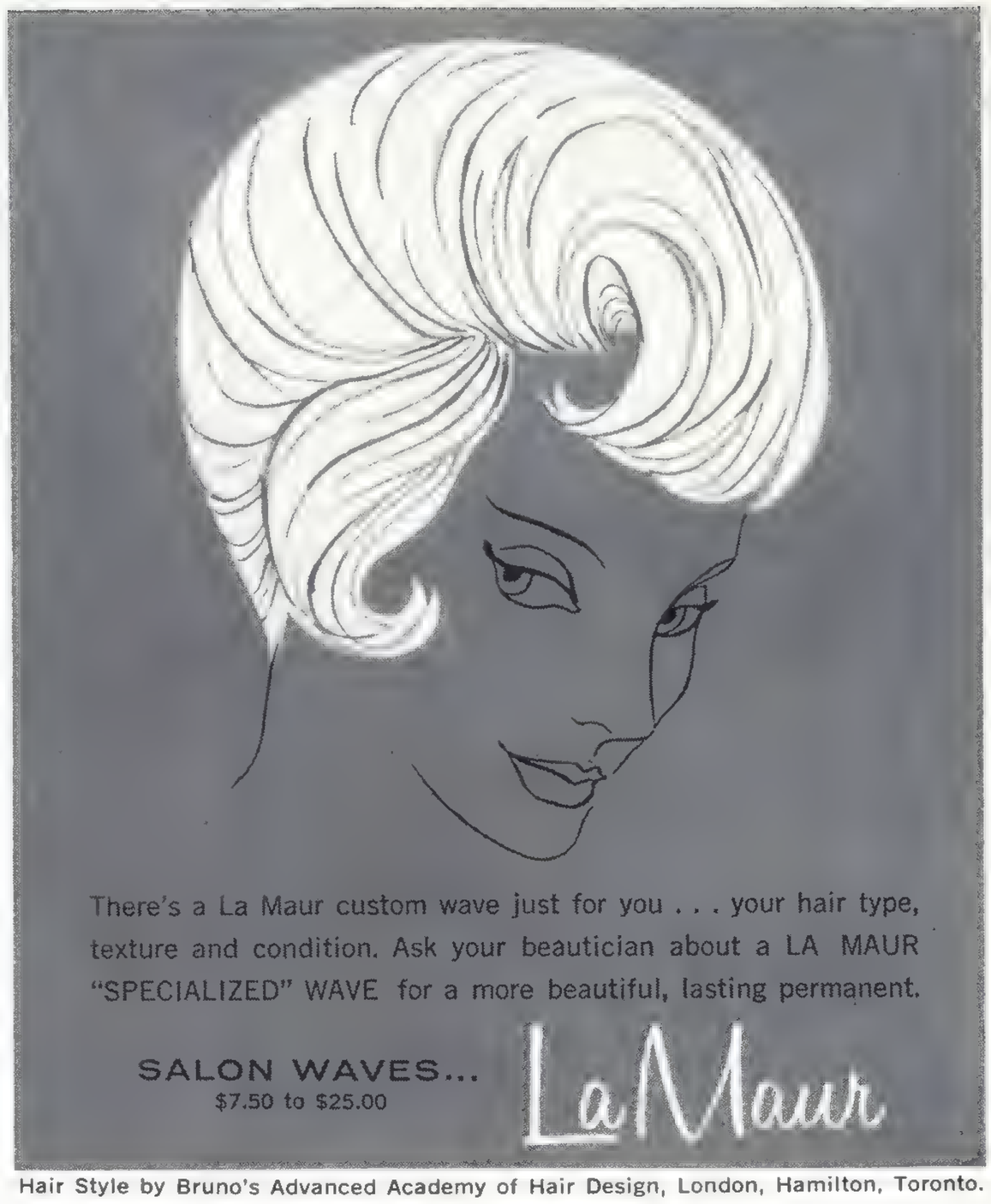
Midsummer revivers for the hair

News here of a whole new collection of colour-makers for hair, just introduced by Caryl Richards, a long-established maker of permanent waves, shampoos, and conditioners.

The new Happy Hair salon tints are speedy, colour in just one step—even for brunettes going blonde. With automatic colour-stopping action for safety; loaded with built-in conditioners, too. Range of 35 basic shades and toners.

For bleached or tinted hair: also by Caryl Richards, the Happy Hair gentled-down permanent wave. It conditions as it curls, builds in healthy sheen, manageability, and hair body.

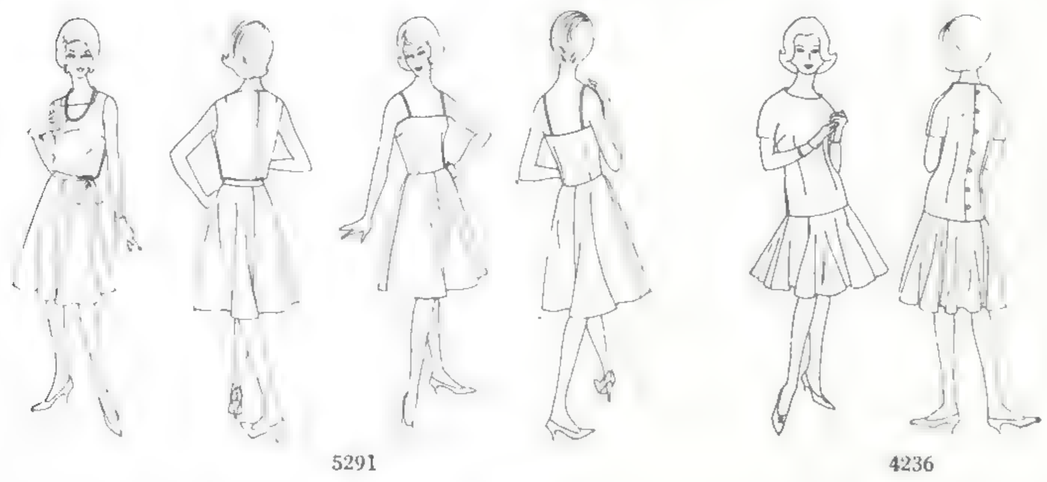
For hair parched by too much sun—or for dull or damaged hair: Happy Hair Wave Shampoo, to be followed by Hair Conditioner from the same house. Both can be given at a beauty salon—or can be bought there for use at home.



Hair Style by Bruno's Advanced Academy of Hair Design, London, Hamilton, Toronto.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 86-87)



Above, left: Dress with flared skirt, bloused top. The centre two sketches show the underbodice that attaches to the skirt. Vogue Pattern 5291; sizes 12 to 20. For size 14, it needs 4 yards of 36″ fabric with nap; underbodice, ¾ yard 39″ fabric. $1.

Above, right: Dress with elongated top, back buttons, and skirt with low, circular flare. Vogue Pattern 4236; sizes 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 36″ fabric with nap. $1.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



DISTINCTIVE

AND UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS

from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

☆ A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—each based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a Chinese embroidery in colored silks, a woodcut of Noah's Ark, a jeweled bookcover from an Armenian manuscript, a bouquet of flowers from a modern French water color, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are among the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The cards can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 28 G1

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

*Name*_____

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DORY BEAUTY MASQUE

ANOTHER BEAUTY TRIUMPH OVER TIME

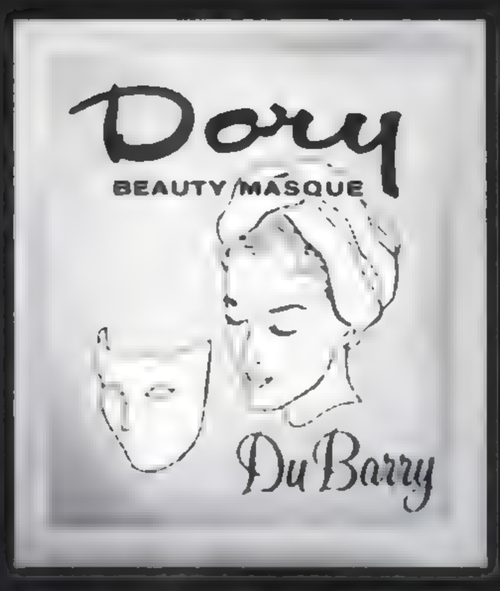
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Exhilarating way to help retain that fresh firm look of youth!

NEW UNIQUE PRINCIPLE! LIGHT, FLEXIBLE, LIFTS OFF LIKE A VEIL!

Warms, relaxes...opens pores gently...lifts impurities away! Then—cools, tones, helps erase tension lines. Smooths and firms!



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VOGUE

JULY, 1961

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF WHAT SPELLS *Continuity*

Continuity is the thread —slender as gossamer, strong as steel cable— that links one chapter in history with another, knits families, and nations, together, causes annual Fourth of July celebrations, and does innumerable other useful and important things. (If none of us had any sense of continuity, we'd all have amnesia, or something with an even longer, Greeker name.) A feeling of continuity is essential to, among other people, the woman who wants to dress well. Women who *do* dress well always have it, and women who are known for their strong fashion-personalities have it very strongly. Often, this kind of woman prides herself on wearing "old clothes" —if the "old clothes" are as valid fashion-statements now as they were when they came out of the box. Continuity is the difference between a dress that does a quick fade to the back of the closet, and one that just goes on being a joy. This issue is full of the continuing-joy variety: some that *have* continued (see the vintage beauties on pages 58-61); some that *will* continue—the never-out-of-season clothes on pages 70-77, the blue-shirt-blue harbingers on pages 42-47, to name a few. Change and newness are the fun of fashion, like the whizz of holiday traffic going over a bridge. But continuity (those steel cables again) is the bridge itself.

Sun scuttle

Excitements

New idea-lifts, new lures,

coming into fashion this July



Sandal in the square

Our memory goes way back: we can remember when July fashion-excitements could be inscribed on the head of a July Fourth pinwheel—when a new bathing suit was as hard to find as truffles (and a *terrific* new bathing suit, even harder). That, as we say, is the way things were. This is what July has become: a month when anyone on the lookout for a change of coiffure or a great new jewel needn't look a month ahead; when a prophetic chiffon is as likely a prospect as a little-everything cardigan; when—if you've a craving for anything from a larky new beach look to a whole bathing-suit revolution—you could fill up for the season on July ideas alone. *Left:* Scuttle-shaped beach hat that makes the most engaging sort of good sense—it's brimmy enough to take in a paperback book; and shallow enough, at the back, to take it lying down. Hat, of natural Milan straw, by Emme. Also: L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. The two-piece bathing suit: soft-collared top wrapped to a striped V-back and buttoned at front. With it, brief black shorts. By Margaret Pennington; of knitted wool and Helenca nylon; about $30. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. *Above:* After squared-off pumps, what? Squared-off sandals is what. And what goes with them is, naturally, a good pedicure—by which we mean not just the salon-works (at least for a start), but a pale, possibly toasty-orange or pink that's several shades lighter than your fingernail polish. The black patent leather sandal is by Capezio; about $10. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; I. Magnin.

PALUMBO



Anyone with a sense of fashion-direction might have twigged it: coming in on the wave of eased-up dress-shapes are a rush of easy young silhouettes to the beach. And with hemlines getting shorter, hairlines getting even ditto-er. *Left:* Maillot in the present tense—and less tense than this it's hard for a beach-shape to be. Shifty, black maillot, with its back to the sun, snugged in briefly around the hips and sashed. (The only construction that goes into this is the wearer's, and that's a sure way to recognize a '61 bathing suit—or possibly a need for the diet on page 84). By Rudi Gernreich, in jersey of Helanca nylon and silk; about $40 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* If you brushed your hair up and out, and every strand landed right on target, you'd have a general idea of one of the best new coiffure shapes this summer. Specific idea: upswung layers of hair, not a jot longer than it takes to get a look of unexaggerated height, width, and depth—in this photograph, the hair is in two-inch lengths at the back, rises to a three-inch whirl through the crown. (With this kind of hair, this earring looks wonderful—a big yellow sausage-bead between a pair of bogus pearls. To the same set-up—which might include the bare sandals from a page ago—we'd add a dress that's nothing more than a slip of shape and a shock of colour; Serendipity makes these in a covey of marvellous fabrics, often one of a kind—available straight through July and August.) Coiffure by Enzo da Perugia. Scaasi earrings: Altman's; Joseph Magnin.

Maillot on the loose

PALUMBO

Excitements

Hairbrush coiffure



Toss of velvet

Scrap-of-lemon sweater

Remember when the only summer jacket, and the only summer sweater worth mentioning was a woolly cardigan? Well, eyes left and right: this is the summer when toss-on jackets and sleeveless little sweater-nothings enter the ranks of fashion-collectibles—and stay, beyond summer, for the year. *Left:* Hip-long toss of jacket in avocado-green velvet. (The number of things it might be tossed over is almost too staggering to think about. But, for a start: a pleated white crêpe dinner dress; a beige linen shift; almost anything slivery that's blue-shirt blue—more about this colour on pages 42-47.) By Toni Owen, of Crompton cotton-and-rayon velvet; about $25. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; Frost Bros. *Right:* Scrap of sweater in lemonade-yellow, to wear wherever sweaters look wonderful—in a green linen suit jacket, for instance, or over a dinner skirt of apricot organza, or with a bright white culotte. Evan-Picone sleeveless sweater, of lamb's wool and Angora; about $10. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. The greenery, fake emeralds and gilt, by Brania. Blond hair with a sunny disposition: one of the new Caryl Richards Happy Hair Colors; details, page 21.

DRAWING BY DAGMAR DAVIDSON

Excitements





Great shape to be in—streak of yellow maillot; every lithe line of it, wearer-supplied. (Demonstrated here, one famously easy way to step up the lithe-line supply: surf-walking benefits start at the toes, shoot up in no time.) Maillot by Regal, of knitted Helanca nylon; $7. This, at Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.



Second skin of a suit in knitted purple Orlon. (The first skin might be arriving at an equally dazzling colour under a slick of Crème Solaire—which is Biotherm's contribution to the cause of safer, sounder sun tans.) Maillot by Peter Pan; Beaunit fabric; about $20. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.

Excitements

BERT STERN



For a figure that doesn't need an ounce of help, a bathing suit that doesn't give any: boneless, wireless maillot, the colour of a good manicure —one of those clear soft reds that look marvellous against lightly sunned skin. By Jantzen in tricot of Du Pont nylon (a Burlington fabric); $8. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Meier & Frank.



Excitements



Diamonds with a glittering past

The entrancement at left—two hundred and seventy-five carats' worth of perfect round and pear-shaped diamonds, glowing with quiet banked-fire brilliance in its original gold and silver setting—flickered into history a century-and-a-half ago. It was, in fact, a very special kind of birthday celebration: Napoleon's present to his Austrian wife, the Empress Marie-Louise, at the birth of their son—the heir whom Victor Hugo called L'Aiglon. After the Empress' death, the necklace was inherited by the Archduchess Sophie of Austria; in turn, by her son, Archduke Karl Ludwig; and finally, by the Archduke's grandson, Prince Franz Joseph II of Lichtenstein. Recently, the necklace was brought to America by the jeweller, Harry Winston, in whose possession it is now. At right, a brocade and lace cuff—except: the brocade is an encrustment of diamonds *en fleur*, and the lace is the slivery gold wire that Schlumberger threads through diamonds for warmth. The memorable meeting of warmth and dazzle shown here is his newest bracelet for Tiffany.

Diamonds on the cuff

PENN

Excitements

Chiffon—moving with velvet



PENN

New silk sculpture

What makes a collection exciting is what the Galanos summer collection had in abundance—subtle colour fascinations, fabrics used in unexpectedly delicious ways, some superb new shapes, and one of the most alluring hat-ideas to make the late-day scene.

Left and far left: The hat—a close little turban-wind of chiffon with a flowing chiffon veil, climax of a look that's all taupe-brown chiffon drenched in marbled taupe and grey velvet. Under the little mask of jacket, the bias-cut dress is lithe and stemmy through the waist, tremendously moving thereafter. The dress and the hat are made of Bianchini fabric—silk chiffon with cut velvet.

Below: Galanos' new sculptured silhouette—more drawn to the body, and as crisp as his chiffons were floaty. This, in dark-green ribbed silk, has a long overblouse, a skirt stiffened into fan pleats. With it, a snug of green satin turban, filmed through a net visor. Dress, of Abraham double-faced silk gabardine. All the Galanos clothes here, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves, of brown doeskin-finished lambskin.



1

people are talking about...



2

new excitements



3

4

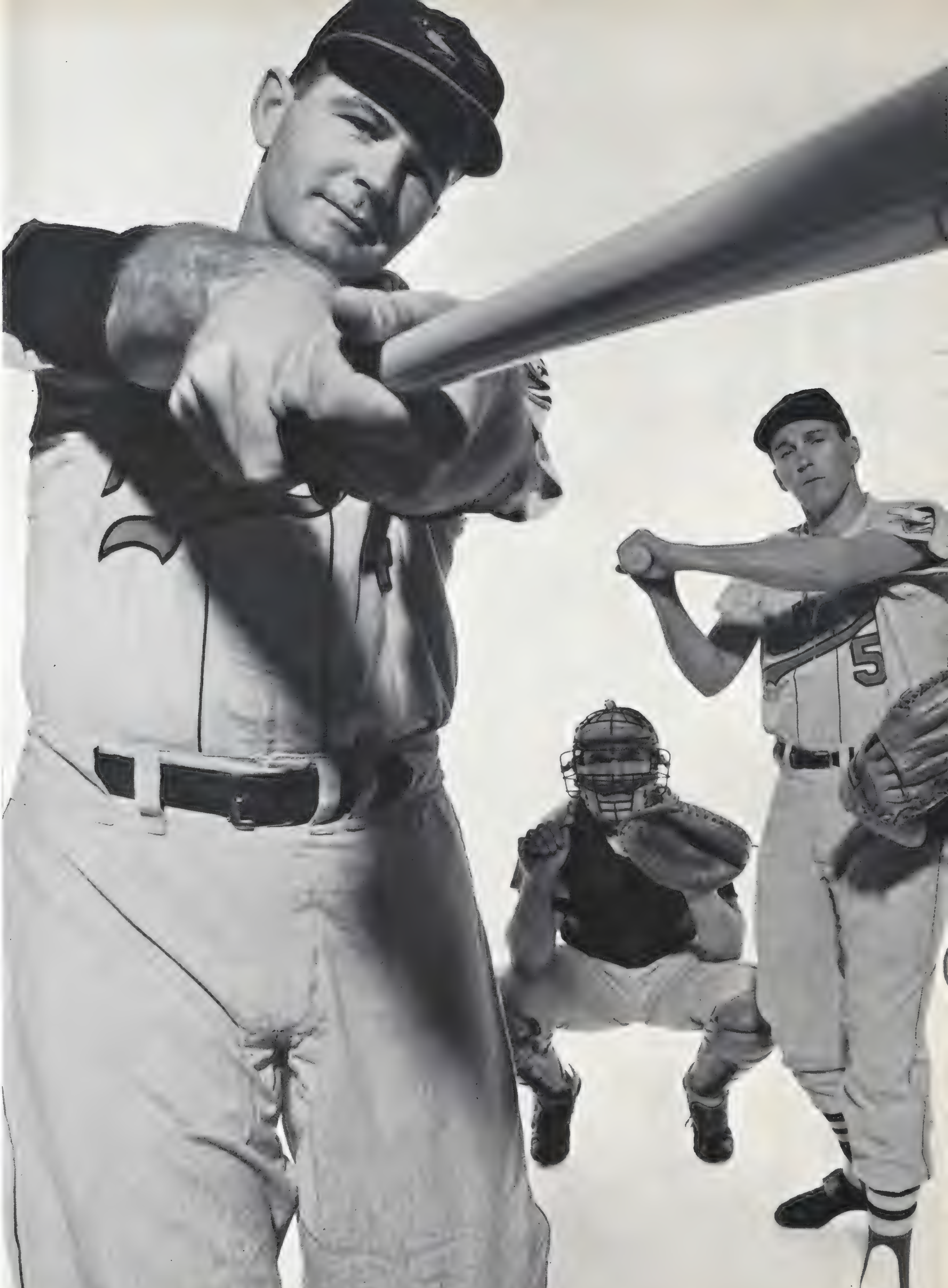
1. Artur Rubinstein's extraordinary hands—one shown here, in bronze. This summer the great pianist will play in Europe before returning in October for ten solo performances in New York, with all the monies for charities. **2. The bright short movies** by Ernest Pintoff, especially *The Interview*, five minutes of superb vacuity between a radio interviewer and a jazz musician who finally concedes with contempt: "Sure there are *classes* at Juilliard, man." **3. Monica Vitti,** the actress whose peculiar, tentative ungainliness—somewhere between insolence and insecurity but exactly on the edge of grace—comes through like Dexedrine in *L'Avventura*, that Italian exercise in somnolence. **4. This exquisite gingery cat,** the distilled essence of cat, painted by Li Ti with remarkable detail on silk in 1174, during the Sung Dynasty. Part of the unique collection of Chinese art treasures sent to this country, the cat is now at the National Gallery in Washington, will move on to other museums across the United States. **5. The Blacks** by Jean Genet whose emotional, confused but compelling play has been imaginatively directed by Gene Frankel, superbly acted by a driving cast of Negroes, some of them masked as whites. There are wit, shock, such lines as "hunted the Negro and the antelope," and the final effect, exhaustion from too much stimulation.

5



BERT STERN

MARTHA SWOPE





people are talking about...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The echoes of Kennedy's first European discussions in Europe as President. . . . The on-target, funny satirizing, of politics and anything else that four bright minds could think of, in the London revue, *Beyond the Fringe,* written and played by Alan Bennett, an Oxford history lecturer, Jonathan Miller, a doctor, Dudley Moore, a composer and jazzist, and Peter Cook, an author who acts. . . . Theodor Reik's *Sex in Man and Woman,* a chancy book of such offbeat notes as this: "If a woman is not reconciled with her mother, she will never get along with men."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The good food and fourteen-table smallness at the new New York restaurant, Lutèce, two floors of a town house with a garden of rare roses and espaliered fruit trees. . . . The clippers who say "Leo" for Leopoldville. . . . The indistinct but clearly Gothic horror of *The Lime Twig* by John Hawkes, who makes this novel about a race-track fix seem at once remarkable, brilliant, and above all uneasy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The biggest explosion, the best shipwreck in the worst storm, the lovely, mindless harrow of the movie, *The Guns of Navarone,* an escape into violence led by Anthony Quinn, Gregory Peck, and David Niven. . . . India's freshest pleasure, transistor radios, carried everywhere.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the steamy fun, all drums and cha-cha-cha, of the night place, Keur Samba. . . . *The Earl of Louisiana,* the superb book by A. J. Liebling who, surprisingly, ended by liking and even admiring at times that tough, gaudy flower Earl Long, who once said to Judge Leander Perez, Louisiana segregationist: "What are you going to do now, Leander? The Feds have got the atom bomb."

"It's me, Mom," said Jim Gentile, unique star of the Baltimore Orioles, as he posed at Penn's studio with three other Oriole stars. Young, good-looking, at ease with tension and anxiety, boos and cheers, they bear no resemblance to the dumbheads in the famous Ring Lardner baseball stories, *You Know Me, Al.*
Left: Jim Gentile, the spirited, laughing first baseman who this year did what no baseball player before him ever did. He is the only player in major league history to hit grand-slam homers in consecutive innings. (A grand-slam means the bases are all full, all four players scoring.) The corollary to that feat is that he is the only player to drive in eight runs in two straight innings. Part of the drama of that game lay in the knowledge by the fans that when the Dodgers let him out two years ago, no one in the fifteen other clubs of both Leagues wanted him—except the Orioles, and then only conditionally.
Centre: Gus Triandos, crouching, on his toes. A notable catcher, he has led the Orioles in home runs and runs-batted-in for most of his seven years with the club. Brooks Robinson is the intense, clever third baseman, a solid hitter this year.
Right: Steve Barber, left-handed pitcher who fields his position with real authority and is known as a "good glove man," has a fastball clocked by Army Ordnance at 95.55 miles an hour. "Look at that little old perky face of his," said Triandos, stretching.

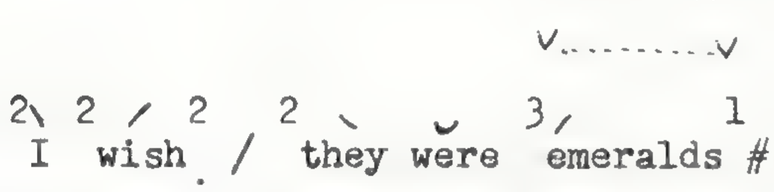
PENN

How much do you tell when you talk?

a quick exploration of what's revealed by voice and not solely by words... how a trained ear can spot vocal cues to emotional states... and what new techniques psychiatry has borrowed from the language experts

In American romance, almost nothing rates higher than what the movie men have called "meeting cute"—that is, boy-meets-girl seems more adorable if it doesn't take place in an atmosphere of correct and acute boredom. Just about the most enthralling real-life example of meeting cute is the Charles MacArthur-Helen Hayes saga: reputedly all he did was give her a handful of peanuts, but he said simultaneously, "I wish they were emeralds." Aside from the comico-romantico content here, a good linguist-anthropologist could readily pick up a few other facts, especially if he had a little more of the conversation to go on.

The way MacArthur said his line—if you had the recorded transcript of a professional linguist—would probably have gone like this:



Primary stresses on emeralds and wish; note pitch 3 (pretty high) on emeralds but with a slight degree of drawl, one degree of oversoftness. . . . Conclusions: The people involved (and subsequent facts bear me out here) knew clearly the relative values of peanuts and emeralds, both monetary and sentimental. And the drawling, oversoft voice of flirtation, though fairly overt, was still well within the prescribed gambit of their culture.

In other words, like automation machines designed to work in tandem, they shared the same programming, a mutual understanding not only of English words, but of the four stresses, pitches, and junctures that can change their meaning from black to white. At this point, unfortunately, romance becomes a regrettably small part of the picture; but consider, if you can bear it, what might have happened if MacArthur, for some perverse, undaunted reason, had made the same remark to an Eskimo girl in Eskimo. To her peanuts and emeralds would have been just so much blubber. The point—quite simply—is this: words they might have had; but communication, no.

This basic principle, the first in a richly knotted bundle, was conveyed to me by Dr. Henry Lee Smith, Jr., at the University of Buffalo, where he heads the world's first department of anthropology and linguistics. A brisk, amusing man, apparently constructed on an ingenious system of spring-joints attuned to the same peppery rhythm as his mind, Smith began his academic career teaching speech to Barnard girls—a project considerably enlivened by his devotion to a recording

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

about "a young rat named Arthur, who never could make up his mind." Later, he became one of the central spirits of the Army Language Program and the language school of Washington's Foreign Service Institute. It was there, in the course of trying to prepare new men for the "culture shock" they might encounter in remote overseas posts, that he first began to develop a system of charting the "norms of human communication."

To the trained ear of the linguist, talk has always revealed a staggering quantity of information about the talker—such things as geographical origin and/or history, socio-economic identity, education. It is only fairly recently, however, that linguists have developed a systematic way of charting voices on paper in a way that tells even more about the speakers and about the success or failure of human communication between two people. This, for obvious reasons, makes their techniques superbly useful in studying the psychiatric interview, so useful, in fact, that they have been successfully used to suggest ways to speed diagnosis and to evaluate the progress of therapy.

In the early 1950's, Smith, together with his distinguished colleague, George Trager (so austerely academic he sometimes fights his own evident charm), and a third man with the engaging name of Birdwhistell (Ray), agreed on some basic premises about the three-part process that makes communication: (1) words or language (2) paralanguage, a set of phenomena including laughing, weeping, voice breaks, and "tone" of voice, and (3) kinesics, the technical name for gestures, facial expressions, and body shifts—nodding or shaking the head, "talking" with one's hands, et cetera.

Smith's first workout with stresses, pitches, and junctures was based on mother, which spells, in our culture, a good deal more than bread alone. For example, if you are a reasonably well-adjusted person, there are certain ways that are reasonable and appropriate for addressing your mother. The usual U.S. norm would be:

2 3 2 2 2

What are we having for dínner,/móther//

Middle pitches, slight pause (juncture) before mother, slight rise at the end. The symbols of mother's status, here, are all usual for culture U.S.A.

Quite other feelings are evidenced by this style:

2 3 2 1 1

What are we having for dínner,/móther #

Note the drop to pitch 1 (the lowest) on mother with no rise at the end of the sentence; this is a "fade" ending, and what you have here is a downtalking style of speech, expressing something less than conventional respect for mother. Even less regard for mom and mom's apple pie goes with:

2 1 1 1 1

What are we having for dínner,/móther #

In other words, the way the speaker relates to mother is clearly indicated. And while the meaning of the words is not in this instance altered, the quality of communication in both the second and third examples is definitely impaired. An accompanying record of paralanguage factors for the second example might also note a throaty rasp. With this seven-word sentence—though the speaker undoubtedly thought he was dealing only with the subject of food—he was telling things about himself and, in the last two examples, revealing that he had departed from the customs of his culture.

The joint investigations of linguistics and psychiatry have established, in point of fact, that no matter what the subject of conversation is or what words are involved, it is impossible for people to talk at all without telling over and over again what sort of people they are and how they relate to the rest of the world. Since interviewing is the basic therapeutic and diagnostic instrument of modern psychiatry, the recording of interviews for playbacks and study has been a boost of Redstone proportions in new research and training. Some of the earliest recordings, made in the 1940's, demonstrated that psychiatrists reacted immediately to anger and anxiety in the sound track, whereas written records of the same interview offered far fewer cues to therapy which—if they were at all discernible in print—were picked up only by the most skilled and sensitive experts. In a general way, psychiatrists were able to establish on a wide basis what many of them had always felt—that the most telling cues in psychotherapy are acoustic, that such things as stress and nagging are transmitted by sound alone and not necessarily by words.

At a minimum, recording—usually on tape, which is now in wide professional use—brings the psychiatric interview alive so that the full range of emotion and meaning can be explored repeatedly by the therapist or by a battery of therapists. Newest to this high-powered battery are the experts in linguistics who have carried that minimum to a new level. By adding a systematic analysis with symbols to the typed transcripts of interviews, they have supplied a new set of techniques for the therapist. Linguistic charting of the transcribed interview flags points where the patient's voice departs from expected norms. It flags such possible breakdowns of communication as rehearsed dialogue, the note of disapproval, ambivalence or ambiguity, annoyance, resentment, and the disinclination to speak at all—this last often marked by a fade-in beginning of sentences. *(Continued on page 100)*

Blue-shirt blue;
jet-propelled

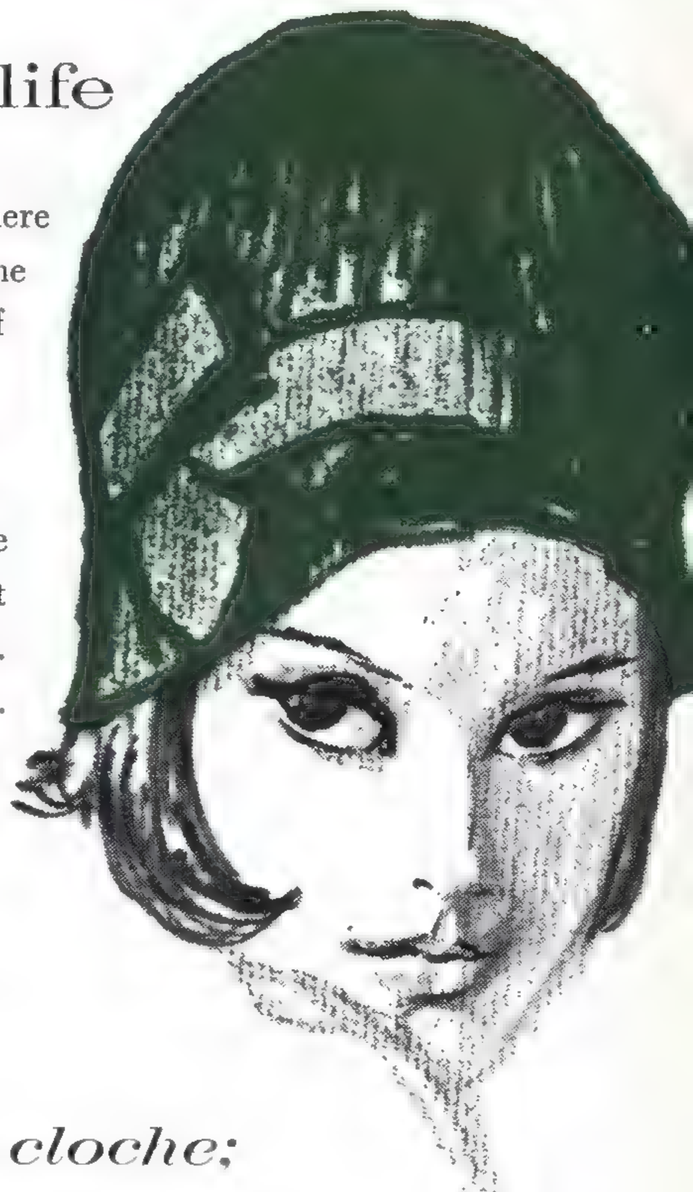
Velvet sou'wester:
jet-on-jet



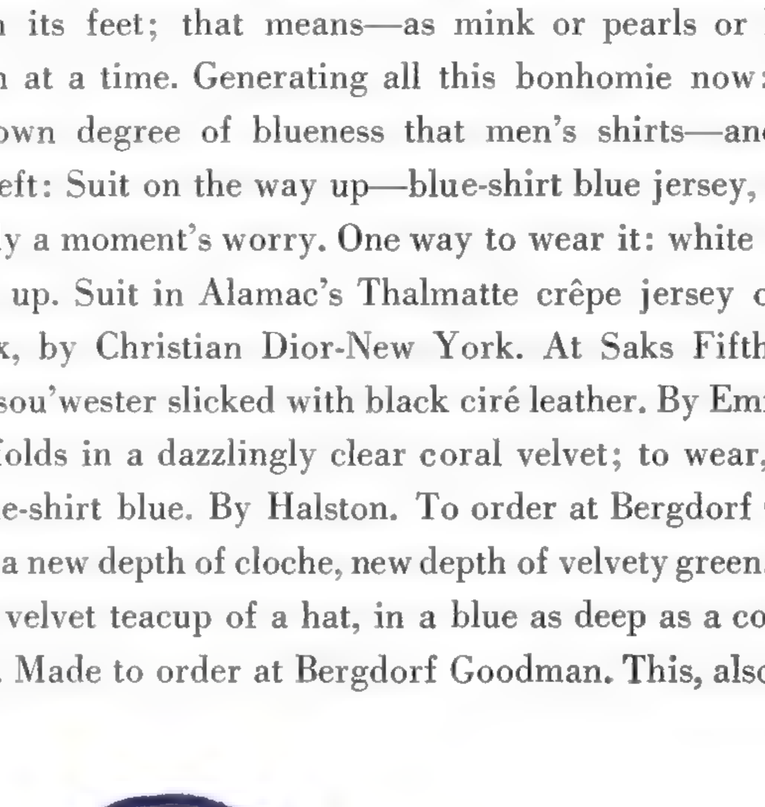
Coral for blue;
turban fold

Blue-shirt blue– and the hats in its life

How to spot a new colour-star in fashion: look for a colour that other colours get on brilliantly with (there are ten individual velvet hat-dazzlers on these six pages—each one of them individually knockout with one delicious new kind of blue); look for a colour that can land in the middle of July or the bitter end of December—and land on its feet; that means—as mink or pearls or little black dresses do—flattery to more than one woman at a time. Generating all this bonhomie now: blue-shirt blue, which is just that engaging, button-down degree of blueness that men's shirts—and star material—are made of. *Opposite page:* directly left: Suit on the way up—blue-shirt blue jersey, with the kind of soft curvy figure that never caused anybody a moment's worry. One way to wear it: white gloves, white silk scarf, jet-velvet pillbox—also on its way up. Suit in Alamac's Thalmatte crêpe jersey of Orlon and wool; about $245. This and the tall pillbox, by Christian Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's. Below, left: Black velvet sou'wester slicked with black ciré leather. By Emme. Also at Hutzler's; Harzfeld's. *This page,* top: Turban folds in a dazzlingly clear coral velvet; to wear, from July forth, with a strong orangy lipstick—and blue-shirt blue. By Halston. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at I. Magnin. Centre: for the new-blue, a new depth of cloche, new depth of velvety green. By Mr. John. Also: I. Magnin. Directly below: A loopy velvet teacup of a hat, in a blue as deep as a cornflower—and not much bigger than. Pillbox by Halston. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. This, also at I. Magnin.



Green-hat cloche;
strapped in satin



Velvet pat;
cornflower blue



Flick-back cloche; purpling for blue



List of velvet; corking beige

If you've an idea that the space between seasons is a kind of yawning fashion-gap spanned by a lot of dreary stops and bridges, forget it: as of now the seasons turn on the power of blue-shirt blue—and, with it, a hat-corps of dazzling little velvets. *Opposite page,* far right: Dress and jacket arrival in blue-shirt blue, with no wait between seasons. Crêpe is what it's made of, and the princesse-curved dress beneath the jacket has only a breath of sleeves, a yare boat neckline. By Jane Derby, in crêpe of Dacron (Fuller fabric) ; about $185. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Directly right: A deep, brimmy black velvet cloche, parted in the centre with a big loopy bow. By Emme; also at Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *This page,* top: Flicked-back velvet cloche-shape in a dark kings-of-England kind of purple. This, by Halston. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at I. Magnin. Centre: Listing pillbox anchored with a listening bow that lurks at one ear; all velvet in beige-cork beige. By Lilly Daché, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Below: Sealing-wax red velvet, curled off the brow and rounded off with a firm young derby crown. By Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at I. Magnin.

Wax red; brimmed-up velvet



Blue-shirt blue crêpe;
on four-season call



Cutaway velvet;
black, bowed

NUTS



Taupe-brown slant
on the new blue

Garnet cuff;
mouches-veiling



Further notes, here, on the rise of blue-shirt blue—and the kind of velvet hat-tactics that turn it into a look every time you put a hat on your head.
Opposite page, far right: Dress to think of in connection with the first fur—or any glimmer of velvet on these pages. Blue-shirt blue jersey—one of those marvellous jerseys that fall like poured honey—bloused over a belt of burnt-beige suède and worn, here, with a burnt-beige velvet beret. By Hannah Troy, of Jasco double-knitted worsted jersey; about $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Beret, by Sally Victor. Near right: Black velvet Breton, with a sleek of grosgrain around the brim, and the extra lift of a stovepipe crown. By Sally Victor. Also at Woodward & Lothrop.
This page, top: Soft, sidelong cloche in taupe-brown velvet, with a silky sash cruising gently down the brim. By Emme. This, also at Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres.
Centre: Garnet velvet cuff of a hat, tipped at a brisk new angle, and fluttered with black mouches-veiling. This, from Mr. John. Also at Rich's; Halle Bros.
Directly below: Side-order of limes for blue-shirt blue—velvet beret, tipped over one ear with a square, flat bow. By Lilly Daché; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer.



Lime beret;
tipped with a bow

Blue-shirt blue;
burnt-beige added

Pitch-velvet Breton;
stovepipe lift

BY SIR OSBERT SITWELL

"POPULARITY?"

It was in May, 1923, when the *inquilini* were still many of them living in the Castle, that my father asked me to go for a walk with him in the Great Court. The summer heat, which in certain years begins in Tuscany as early as the second week in May, was not yet in full glow and the shafts of sunlight, instead of piercing like spears, lay light as feathers on the dark stone of the pavement, and even from this distance the bees could be heard swarming in the dark-leaved golden blossoms of the ivy which completely covered the stone mediaeval tower at the garden's end.

As we strode up and down, my father talked, I remember, of the translation of books, and remarked to me what a pity it was that if the English bishops of King James I's reign had felt obliged to translate a volume of some kind, they could not have found for their purpose a more interesting book than the Bible. I did not attempt to enter into argument with him as it did not seem that it would lead very far. Occasionally, as he talked, the shutter of an upper window would silently shift a little, and a face would be seen behind it glowering and glaring down at us.

My father seemed pleased, taking it to be a token of interest and popularity; indeed, he observed to me that it was nice to feel that you could always make yourself liked if you wanted. But facts have an awkward way of asserting themselves and when, shortly afterwards, an old woman was arrested by the police, she was found to be carrying on her a list of people whom she meant to kill when the Revolution came: my father's name was at the head of the list. Yet even if his assumption had been rather too sanguine, there were fragments of truth in it. He could make himself generally and lightly popular with great numbers but had no gift for intimacy. Thus he would be popular at a large meeting rather than in talking to an individual as a person.

In this respect I think the house-to-house canvassing that was formerly conducted in between general elections by the candidates of both parties must have been a great strain on him, for he had difficulty in remembering people (as I have written elsewhere he could pass his own children in the street without recognizing them) and, if he remembered them, in associating them with their names. Thus, on one occasion he went into a small house under the Castle Hill at Scarborough and asked a woman who was ironing shirts to obtain for him her husband's vote. She looked at him and said:

"But I am *Mrs. Jones,* Sir George."

This information conveyed nothing to my father, who did not identify her as the wife of his personal servant who had been his scout at Christ Church and who had remained with him to serve him ever since. (He was butler when Henry Moat first came to us as footman, a day which Henry always regretted as the last on which free beer was provided to be drunk in the servants' hall. He used to say: "I joined up too late.")

A more obvious instance of the falsity of my father's happy conviction comes back to me when I think of my first visit to Chiswick House. It proved a memorable occasion and took place in the early 'twenties when the building was still in use as a private mental home. It was necessary beforehand to obtain permission to go over it from the Commissioners of Lunacy, who kindly granted my request. Accordingly, my brother Sacheverell and I went there about four o'clock one hot afternoon in July.

The house, built for the great patron Lord Burlington by Colin Campbell, then existed, of course, on a larger scale than it does today, when the two later eighteenth-century wings have been blown up or pulled down to show the purity of design of the original Palladian Villa. . . . We were to have tea with the resident doctor, but on arrival we were not certain by which of the doors to enter. However, we opened one of them and there, coming down the staircase, was a good-looking grey-haired man already wearing a dinner jacket—it seemed an odd hour to be clad in this manner. We inquired from him where the doctor lived and he replied by whistling, but—and this was the most extraordinary part of it—the words were absolutely distinct, yet enunciated by—not through—the whistling. He was, in short, whistling and not speaking. It was obviously a natural and original gift, though he must have cultivated it, too, to the highest degree, and surely must have been the only person who could communicate in this way. Had he so desired, it would have placed him among the most highly paid stars of the Music Hall stage.

This virtuoso, then, informed us that we were on the right track. . . . When we reached the doctor upstairs, we found a most splendid and impressive tea ready for us, sandwiches very thinly cut and bearing flags on them, cut out of paper on which were written such descriptions as PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS and CAVIARE. My brother commented on this smart labelling to our host, who asked:

"Did you happen, when you came in, to notice the whistling man who was wearing a dinner jacket?"

We said: "Yes."

"Well," he explained, "he arranged the tea. He always does it for me. A most curious history. His father was one of the Marshals of France during the reign of Napoleon III and a great favourite at court. His son inherited a fine fortune, but dissipated it on prima donnas. I had known him for a long time, but some ten years ago we received a letter from him telling us that he felt he was going off his head, and asking whether we would *(Continued on page 104)*

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

"LOSING THINGS?"

I am not the kind of person who loses things. Anyone who knows me will tell you that I *never lose anything*. I'm simply not the careless type. Actually, I'm compulsively neat and precise.

A friend of mine once lost her car. She parked it, went off to shop, and then spent two hours tramping the streets before she found it again. I *never* do anything like that. When I park my car, I don't say that I always know exactly where it is, but I usually have a pretty good rough general idea of what neighbourhood it's in, and, of course, then it's easy to find because after all its license plate is different from everybody else's. If I should forget the number, it wouldn't matter anyway because naturally I have my registration right here in my handbag and . . . ug!

"Excuse me, Miss, but I was in here just a few minutes ago buying some . . . oh, thank you so much, you have no idea how relieved I am. You see my car keys and registration were in it. What's that? Oh, my package! Thank you very much."

Well, anyway, as I was saying, I never lose anything, except I feel sure that somehow I must have had a pair of gloves when I left the house, but oh well, probably I didn't. Or perhaps I left them in the car.

The only thing is, certain things simply vanish. Like my eyeglasses. They're the one thing I absolutely can't do without. If I even *think* of looking at anything any closer to me than that pile of books over there (well what is it then? Oh, yes, I see it now. Hello, pussycat!) it makes my head swim. Unfortunately, I can't wear my glasses outdoors without falling down the steps and breaking a leg, so I can't just leave them on all the time like lucky nearsighted people. I must take them off to drive a car, or walk up and down stairs, or go outdoors. Knowing how dependent I am on them, I am naturally very careful to keep track of them every minute of the day. I never move from one room to another without taking them with me, and I never leave the house without putting them in my handbag. That's why I simply can't understand how it is that they're gone. Yes, they *are* gone. No, I did not lose them. I put them down right there on the hall table by my handbag. They didn't get up and walk away by themselves, you know. Well where is my handbag, then? I put it right there, by the glasses. Of course I know what I'm doing. I was going out, and I put my handbag down right there because I couldn't find my car keys, and naturally I had to look for them before I could go anywhere. I certainly don't know where they could be. I never lose anything. I hung them right on the hook where they belong when I came in this morning. Well I can't look for them till I find my eyeglasses.

I was reading, just before I decided to go out, right there in the living room. My book is still lying on that little table next to the love seat. I think it had a blue dust jacket. What do you mean, it isn't there now? That's where I *put* it.

I wonder if I might have taken it upstairs when I went up to comb my hair. Perhaps it's on that round table in the bedroom next to the chair where I sat to change my shoes.

Well where in the world can they be? I know I changed my shoes. I was wearing those flat black ones and I went upstairs specifically to change to those tan ones, so I absolutely can't understand how I happen to be in my bare feet. Don't be silly, *nobody* loses a *pair of shoes*.

I'll just run upstairs and look.

Say, do you know what's happened to that round cherry table that always stands in the bedroom by the window with that small lamp in the middle of it? I don't know. It isn't there now. Well how should I know what's happened to it? *I* didn't lose it. All I know is it's gone. The lamp is gone, too. Well you just go up and look for yourself. It's not there now. No, I didn't find my shoes. No, I didn't find my eyeglasses either. Or my handbag. Or the car keys. My gloves still haven't turned up, either.

What do you mean, the car isn't in the garage anyway? Well where is it then? How should I know? I didn't take it out. I can't even find the keys, let alone the car.

Listen, do you know where the aspirin is? I just thought I ought to take a couple, and it's gone. I left it on the shelf of the medicine chest, where it always is. I used it yesterday when I had a headache and I put it right back where it belongs. You know how careful I always am about things like that.

Here, let me look through your eyeglasses—I'll bet you took mine. No, you're right. They're yours.

Listen, as long as you're helping me hunt for my glasses, would you do me a favour? I've been meaning to tell you. Somehow, I can't explain this exactly, but for the past several days now I haven't been able to find my typewriter. I just can't *imagine*. How could *I* have lost it? I can't even *lift* it. It was on my desk last Tuesday, just like always. I know it was. I used it when I was writing that letter to the New York Central Railroad Lost and Found Office to ask if they'd ever come across that coat I lost. I thought I might have left it in the train.

Say, by the way, do you know where the children are? Well I had them right here just a few minutes ago. I was taking them to the village with me because Joe lost his sneakers and Dan lost his sweater and I was going to get them new ones. I just can't understand how those boys can be so careless with their things. I keep *telling* them, if they'd just think, and not keep dropping things any old where.

Now where in the world could they be? Would you mind helping me look for them?



THE KENNEDYS

A private view at Hyannis Port

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SHAW

Filling many with wild emotion, this sign on Massachusetts Route 6: "To All Points on the Cape." Shaped like a beckoning finger, scented sometimes by honey locust and roses and permanently by fish, tar, quahogs, and pine, the Cape, where it is not a neon-glow of fried clam bars, is a land of shingled houses, seasoned silver-grey, of white sand paths rimmed with sweet fern, of berries, bay-, blue-, and cran-.

To President Cleveland, the Cape meant marvellous fishing and a rambling Summer White House, called Gray Gables. Two Cleveland children were born in that house on Buzzards Bay; now it is an inn. To President Franklin Roosevelt, the Cape meant, among other things, an early American ancestor, Edmond Freeman, one of the ten men who settled Sandwich in 1637. At Sandwich, a fastened-in-time village which Joe Jefferson described as "the handsomest town out of England," there are, besides glass, the tavern where Daniel Webster regularly stayed; Peter Rabbit's original brier patch; and Freeman Farm, where in a clump of bushes the Roosevelt forebears' gravestone still stands. To Roosevelt's cousin, Theodore, the Cape meant a retreat almost as wonderful as Oyster Bay. President Theodore Roosevelt rode to the dedication of the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown in the same carriage that carried a predecessor, President Grant, on his visit to Provincetown.

In 1928, Joseph Kennedy bought a fourteen-room clapboard house at Hyannis Port on the Cape. There the nine Kennedy children played hard, often by the breakwater off their long beach, went over to Turner's on Route 28 for ice cream. "Joe and Jack were out in sailboats alone here," their father once said, "when they were so small you couldn't see their heads." Young Jack named his first sailboat "Victura," which he explained meant in Latin "something about winning." When two of the boys grew up and married, nearby houses were built for them—on one side of the senior Kennedy house, the cottage of Attorney General Robert Kennedy; on another, the cottage that was to become the Cape's second Summer White House, the house of President John F. Kennedy. Here, and on the next six pages, a private view of the John F. Kennedys at Hyannis Port.

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

BONAPARTE



The Kennedys

" . . . There is a rapture on the lonely shore; there is society, where none intrudes, by the deep sea, and music in its roar."

BYRON



MARK SHAW



MARK SHAW



The Kennedys

"The right to be alone—the most comprehensive of rights,
and the right most valued by civilized men."

JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS



MARK SHAW

The Kennedys



"Half the pleasure of solitude comes from having with us some friend to whom we can say how sweet solitude is."

W. JAY





Mrs. James Fosburgh

Off and on since 1950—when she got it at Mainbocher—
Mrs. Fosburgh has happily worn this dress
and coat of taupe-brown wool: a straight, sleeveless
dress with a natural waistline, black satin appliqués on the bodice;
a coat that flares slightly at the hem. (Both hemlines
have been raised, of course, in the Years Between.)

Fashions they won't give up

Sketched on these four pages are six famously chic women, all known to be fashion independents, all wearing, here, clothes they've worn and loved for years—and plan to go on wearing indefinitely. (The only exception to this is Mrs. Kennedy, who plans to donate her famous Inaugural dress to a costume museum fairly soon.) While many of the clothes look astonishingly "in fashion" right now, what they all have is the indestructible quality called style—an unfading elegance. The Duchess of Windsor said, "I have nothing but old clothes."

Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy

In 1938, when her husband was U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain,
Mrs. Kennedy had this dress made by Molyneux
for her presentation at Court. In 1961, when her son
became President of the United States, Mrs. Kennedy wore
it at the Inaugural Ball, while millions watched admiringly
on TV. A timeless sheath of white net, with gold and silver
paillettes, it is a rare document of personal fashion—
which Mrs. Kennedy wore unaltered after twenty-three years.



Mrs. Watson Blair

Mrs. Blair, a natural Chanel type, had this suit made by the great Coco four years ago, and plans to wear it at least as long again. In deep purple-mauve tweed, flecked with bright green and white, it has the characteristic Chanel loose jacket, easy skirt; the "signature" of gilt buttons, cuff-linked cuffs. With it, here, Mrs. Blair wears a bright-green silk blouse, a heavy antique gold necklace.

The Duchess of Windsor

From several tried-and-true favourites, the Duchess finally chose to wear in our sketch this 1958 Dior dress of navy-blue and white wool—partly because its overblouse look, its easy lines, are clearly in the 1961 mode. Actually, the dress is one-piece, in heavy navy-blue wool, worn over a separate, collarless shirt of white knitted jersey. With it: the Duchess's famous pearl choker; hoop earrings of ruby-red stones.

Mrs. Winston Guest

After eight years, Mrs. Guest (left) still wears with pleasure this Mainbocher evening dress—a slender column of silver and gold lamé, with a wide pale-blue ribbon embroidered in silver crossing one shoulder, like a diplomatic order. Among Mrs. Guest's other vintage Mainbochers are a gold-and-white Indian sari of 1952, and a dress made from antique Chinese panels brought by Mr. Guest from Asia in 1950.

Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas

In the 1950 Dior collection, this dress, called "Peacock," caught Mrs. Thomas's eye; she has worn it intermittently and loved it ever since, and "always had a good time in it." In bright peacock-blue silk, with a faint all-over peacock design in black, it has dateless lines: a short underskirt, a panelled overskirt dipped at the back. Mrs. Thomas also collects Pucci pants and shirts, some thirteen years old.

Never out of fashion *continued*





The crêpe of the moment: pale and creamy

Creamy summer crêpes in a pale, bone-coloured beige, to wear with jottings in black. For day, the black might be a tangle of jet beads or a sooty velvet cloche (the velvet has a marvellous Indian-summer tang—could be almost any deep colour). For late day, more crêpes, with black in footnotes, perhaps also in a chiffon hat. *Above, left:* Lean little bone put-over and a gored skirt. By Leslie Fay in crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon; about $25. Van Raalte gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor; Dress also: Marshall Field; Bullock's, L.A. Lilly Daché hat. Shoes by I. Miller. *Above, right:* Slivery bone-coloured dress, bloused above a black kidskin sash. By Leslie Fay in crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon; about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, L.A. The velvet hat by Lilly Daché. Shoes by Palizzio. *Near right:* Late-day crêpe, to wear with smooth, bare arms and a tan. By Jon McCauley in bone-beige silk by Maxwell; in junior sizes, about $30. Necklace by Marvella. Both at Jay Thorpe. Dress, also at Frost Bros. Shoes by I. Miller. *Far right:* The bone-pale crêpe, bloused and string-belted, with smidge-sized sleeves. By Dorene in an Onondaga fabric of Celanese acetate and rayon, about $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The firm little chiffon turban by Irene of New York.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



The return of the fitted suit—

With brilliant coat connections

First glimpses here of the autumn suit and coat situations and how they're shaping up this year. Where suits are concerned, the new word is "fitted"; it's a trend that was launched during last spring's Paris collections, when Balenciaga varied his output of easy, straight-line suits with some that curved in close to the body. The new suits are never strictly fitted or cinched, but still, they're fashion-miles from the straight, standaway lines of recent years. Coats enter the picture in terms of colour contrast: what's new is the muted suit that achieves a far-from-muted effect because it's worn with a really brilliant coat. The coat, in turn, is apt to be straight and easy (with lots of suit space), uncluttery as to collar.

A basso profundo kind of brown (right), and the coat-colour that's good for it: scorchy orange-red. The suit jacket acknowledges the waistline—but just barely—and it's cropped off at the hipbone. The skirt starts with a firm-fitting yoke, goes soft and easy as soon as it edges past the jacket's lower rim. The coat is slope-shouldered, uncollared and deeply-sleeved. Both by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of wool tweed. Gloves by Dawnelle. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lip-colour keyed to the coat-colour, Castilian Gold, a Revlon Ultima lipstick.

GORDON PARKS







GORDON PARKS

The return of the fitted suit

More about mildly-fitted suits, non-mild coat colours. **Blaze-of-blue coating** for a taupe-grey suit (above) that's fitted but not very; the coat's back has a soft, cape-like flow. Both by Jablow, of wool tweed; suit about $185, coat (fabric by Linton) about $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Frederick & Nelson. Kislav gloves. Lip-colour: Max Factor's Brandy Orange. **The gentle ins and outs** of the newest suit-jackets —seen at right in a grey windowpane plaid wool, to wear with a pink coat. Both by Marquise, of Garigue wool; suit about $190, coat about $200. Wear-Right gloves. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also Montaldo's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Coro earrings. Lip-colour to wear with bright pink: Estée Lauder's new French Raspberry.







The return of the fitted suit

More about where suits are going—how some of the newest of them are edging in closer to the bone.

Coppery-brown suit (left), worn in the lee of a dazzling green coat. The suit is the most-fitted on these pages, but still its shaping is wonderfully subtle, a matter of gentle curves that follow the body line—but not slavishly. The jacket has three-quarter sleeves; the skirt flares gently. Coat-colour on exactly the right wave length for the muted brown: brilliant bluer-than-parrot green. From a soft uncollared throatline the coat backslides beautifully into a sweeping cape-fall of fabric (no shortage of suit-room, here). Both by George Carmel, the suit of Bellaine worsted fabric, about $190, coat of Berroco wool tweed, about $235. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Bramson's; Joseph Magnin. Brown gloves by Kislav. Coppery hair colour (salon-blended): Cognac, by L'Oreal.

GORDON PARKS



Never-

KNITTED
OTTOMAN COAT

its range, from April or November in New York to England in June

out-of-season-clothes

Charted, priced, and long-range

Seasons have fraternized, in terms of clothes, to a point where off-limits lines are blurring and, in some cases, they disappear entirely (the next restaurant-spectacular could, reasonably, be called the No Seasons). Extremes in temperature, and their special clothes requirements, come and go, but never-out-of-season clothes fill in all around them. Sleek little dresses, often knitted; well-cut silks, light or bright, with late-day manners; bulkless coats that are deceptively warm, undeceptively dashing—all these have free entry into any season when their occasions arise, and bring with them a whopping amount of chic. The main thing about this kind of clothes is that—because of their good looks and good dispositions—they're never out of work for long, they're never exiled into storage, they stand ready to go into action at any time, on a we-never-sleep basis. Starting here, ten examples. *Left:* A coat that can run, on an independent ticket, through a whole cycle of seasons, days and evenings included. Black knitted wool ottoman with a skimmy shape and gates-ajar collar, a sash belt that looks like giant spool-knitting, a warmth-level for April or November in New York, England in June. By Avagolf; $110. Brania earrings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Hat by Emme. Gloves by Kislav. Coiffures on these and the next pages: Robert Verdi salon. *Right:* Season-hopping dress of double-knitted cotton-and-acetate in Oxford grey with small sleeves, straightline neck, a waist that has slipped, casually, to the hipbone. Blizzards, gala balls, beaches, are a few occasions when you *wouldn't* wear it; for nearly all else, the way is clear (narrow sashy belts and beads can make guest appearances). By Arthur Cole of U.S. Royal fabric, in junior sizes; about $30. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.

PULL-OVER

DRESS

in grey knitted cotton, on speaking terms with most months anywhere



KAREN RADKAI

Never-

SILK LIGHTENING—

bone-coloured jersey that
reveals not the season
but a good figure



This page: One of a pair of pale silks that care not for calendars, ask only a good figure, emphatic jewelling. Tissue-light silk jersey in bone beige, with a cowled neck, a stringy belt tied at the hipbone. Beyond the pale could be a wonderful sun tan, as of now. By Ceil Chapman; about $90 at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres. Miriam Haskell earrings. *Opposite:* Excitement whenever there's a gone-down sun—a dress that amounts to a long-term investment in marvellous shaping (this could hold an audience enchanted any night, any season, almost anywhere). Ribbed silk crêpe in chalk white, with sloped over-blouse and skirt, prim satin bow. By Scaasi; about $350. Bracelets set with smoky stones, coloured like a sunlit mist, also by Scaasi. All at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI

out-of-season-clothes



SILK

WHITENING—

ribbed crêpe on two slope-levels.

a good thing anytime



Never-out-of-

COWLED BLOUSE, FUNNEL SKIRT–

good together or separately, in as many months as we have

This page: Blue-shirt blue overblouse with softly hammocked neck, no sleeves, a look of lean looseness; we replaced its sash, here, with a kidskin one. The gored skirt with funnel flare, oatmeal wool tweed. Blouse, of Chardon-Marché crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon; about $28. Skirt, of Stroock wool, about $35. Both by Sloat. Pin and earrings by Van S. All at Bonwit Teller. Blouse, skirt: Himelhoch's; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. *Right:* More in the long-term investment category—a suit good enough to be listed on the big board. Oatmeal wool jersey with a wonderful tree-bark variance of texture and colour, some in-curving to its rounded jacket shape. With it here, a navy-blue sweater. Suit by Maurice Rentner; about $300. Hobé earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's.

season-clothes



PALE JERSEY
SUIT

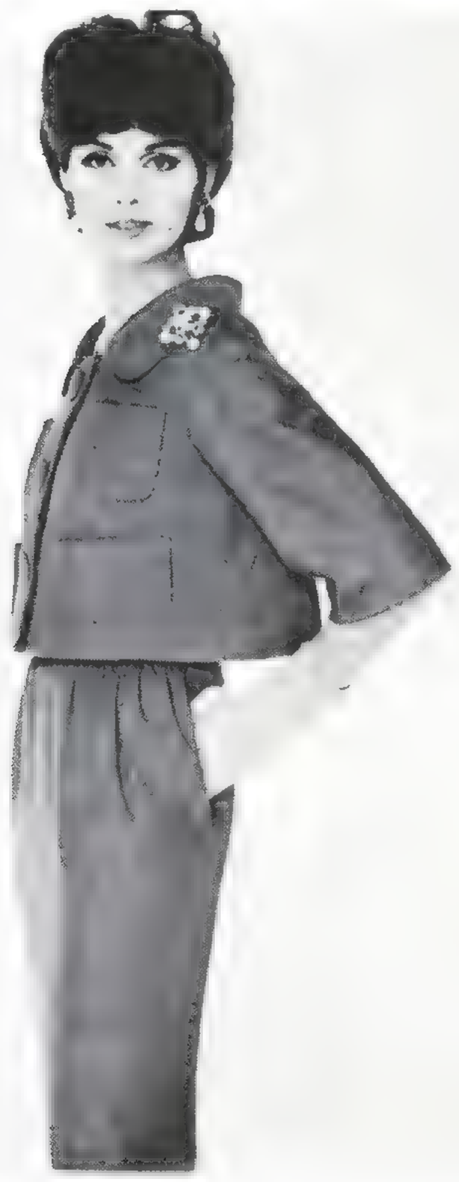
with a season pass
that's good for years

KAREN RADKAI

Never-out-of-season-clothes

DRESS AND JACKET

all-weather silk,
seasonably diplomatic



KNITTED SILK

with a sense of belonging,
any time of year



Directly above: Dress and jacket with a marvellous measure of shape, in one of the most seasonably diplomatic fabrics going—textured silk, here in bright red. The dress, sleeveless and open-topped, has two high pockets, a skirt eased to a set-in belt; the off-collared jacket doubles the pocket bid. By Talmack; about $275 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. *Above, right:* Dress that went to slink-school—knitted silk in two slender halves, the top gliding straight to the hips. Its only distractions are a necktie, two pockets, possibly a star-quality pin; the never-out-of-season colour, blue-shirt blue. By Goldworm; about $120 at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's.

PAISLEY CHALLIS

that rarely calls time out

KAREN RADKAI

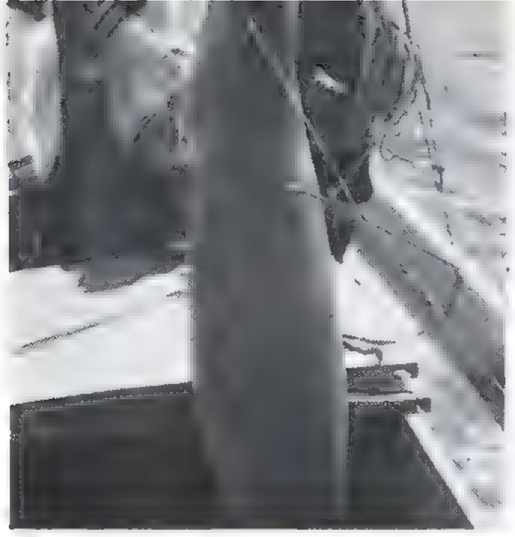
CHIFFON

that any big evening
could count on





Left: Dress that would rarely call time-out during the course of a year—wool challis in a crisp light weight, Paisley figured in garnet and black, shaped by an easy downstream top, rounded skirt. By Mollie Parnis; Liberty of London fabric. About $110. Pin by Van S. Both at Bonwit Teller. Paisley beret by Emme. Dress and hat, also at Hudson's; I. Magnin. *Above:* Chiffon (possibly the best friend an evening ever had) in a devastating form—tucked middy top with small sleeves, easing over a skirt with established permanent floating. The colour here: bright geranium red. By Ceil Chapman, of silk chiffon; about $185 at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.



ARCTIC HOLIDAY

Seal-and art-hunting on Canada's Baffin Bay...

by Elizabeth McCall Houghton



Upper left corner, a 1,000-pound bearded seal shot by Mrs. Peter Allatt, it is being lowered into the hold of the Peterhead boat. *Left,* air view of Cape Dorset on Tellik Bay, its blue waters spotted with ice in July.

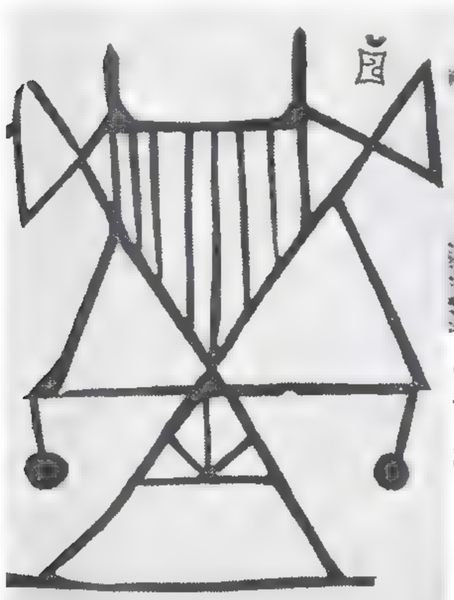
Above, daisies in the tundra, along with small orchids and buttercups, they provide some of the enchantments almost hidden among the Arctic boulders.

Above, Mrs. Houghton, in her white-fox-rimmed parka. *Right,* Mr. Houghton, in his wolverine-rimmed parka. *Left,* a break for lunch on Sakiak island during a seal hunt: left to right, Peter Allatt, James Houston, Dr. Herbert W. K. Fitzroy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Houghton, Jr. *Below,* this sign on the island, an eider nesting place, forbids any shooting.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Fascinated by the Far North, Mrs. Houghton and her husband, Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., a famous collector of rare books and manuscripts, asked the Canadian Council of the Northwest Territories for permission to be the break-through tourist group at Cape Dorset in the eastern Arctic. They organized an expeditionary force of eight, brought along seventeen cameras which took the photographs illustrating this article. Enthusiastic investigators of hard-to-get-to places, the Houghtons previously looked into such warmer parts of the earth as the Congo, when it was the Belgian Congo, and the Orinoco jungles of Venezuela. "The Arctic," Mrs. Houghton said, "surpasses the tropics."

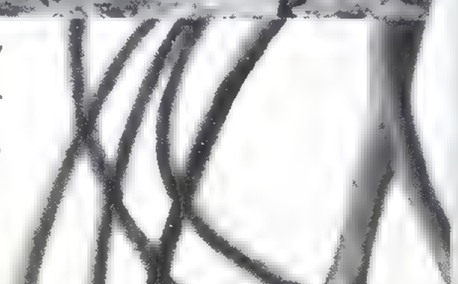
"I think over again my small adventures, when with the wind I drifted in my kayak," are the words which start one Eskimo song. I think over again our trip to the Arctic and know that W. Winwood Reade was wrong when in 1872 he crossed off the Arctic with an impression which has generally prevailed ever since: "This gloomy region, where the year is divided into one day and one night, lies entirely outside the stream of history."

On a far from gloomy July day, we were exhilarated by the Arctic air, a shock of purity and softness, as we stepped off a seaplane at Camp Tellik on Baffin Island, far north of the tree line, just below the Arctic

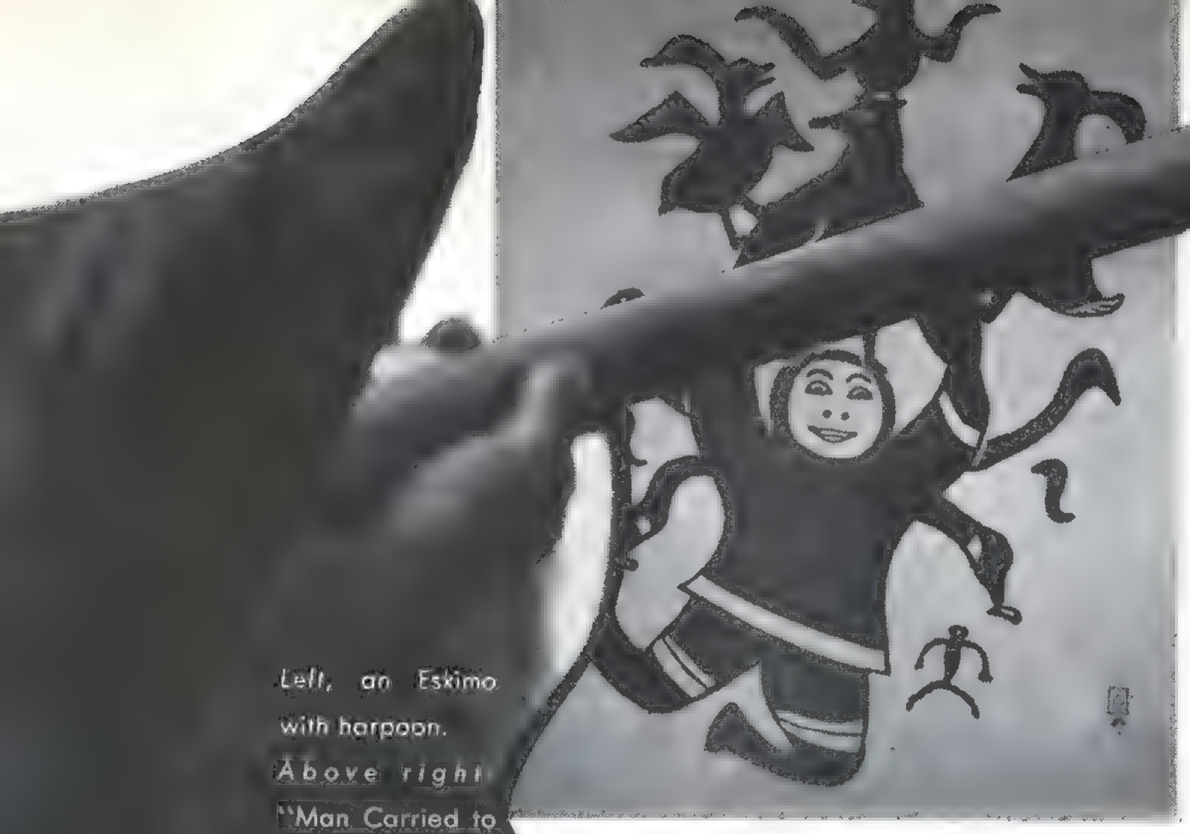




Left, "Division of Meat" by Tudlik, a stone-cut print outlining the apportioning of the seal.



Above, sign in Eskimo



Left, an Eskimo with harpoon. *Above right,* "Man Carried to the Moon," a stone-cut print by Mungitok, an artist of Cape Dorset.



James Houston, Area Administrator, who first brought attention to Eskimo art.

Circle. It was strange, sunny, still; the horizons were far and dreamlike; only the honk of a few sea gulls broke the quiet. The water was blue all the way through, for plankton finds it hard to survive in these glacial depths. From the moss-green and yellow of the tundra, from craggy boulders, patches of dwarf flowers peeped—daisies no bigger than a dime, button-sized orchids and buttercups. Physically some 1,600 miles from New York, we were emotionally on top of the world.

We were the first tourist group ever to visit these parts—an experiment of the Canadian government, which was interested in the possibilities of tourism to brighten the Eskimos' barren economy; we were delighted to be Arctic guinea pigs. "Why *there?*" friends had asked when they learned of our summer plans. Perhaps it was a lifelong interest in the Far North, whetted by the powerful Eskimo carvings that began appearing in the United States in 1954. [Editor's note: some were shown in Vogue, May 15, 1954.] My husband, his daughter Sylvia, five friends, and I obtained permission from the Canadian government for the expedition, an uncharted and complex operation, since we had no predecessors.

The Eskimos had been warned about us. They had been told that we had no ability at seal hunting, negotiating slippery rocks, or leaping in and out of canoes. Prepared, the Eskimos received us warmly with no more than mild amusement at our enthusiastic gracelessness.

At Frobisher Bay on the southeast side of Baffin Island, last stop on the commercial plane route, we transferred to a chartered PBY for a three-hour flight to our camp, twelve miles from Cape Dorset on the southwest side of Baffin Island. As the pontoons brought us to a stop in choppy Tellik Bay, three canoes powered by outboard motors set out from shore to meet us. With several smiling Eskimos, James Houston, the Area Administrator, drew up beside us and ferried us to shore. A remarkable Canadian, Houston lives with Mrs. Houston and their two Eskimo-speaking children at Cape Dorset.

Twenty Eskimos, men and women, were lined up on shore to shake hands with us. The formality of handshaking is important. The Eskimo is always polite and proper. We had to remember our manners, or we would have been considered primitive. Behind the Eskimos lay our camp, seven white tents a judicious distance from the sea, which here has a tidal rise of over forty feet. No ordinary camp, it had been built for us, and, if our stay should be successful, for future Arctic-pointed travellers. In the centre stood a big Styrofoam igloo—by midnight sun, it looked like a Christmas display at Macy's. A main tent housed the dining-living room; and the cookhouse, a floored tent, had a shining propane four-burner stove and a metal sink. *(Continued on page 102)*



Above, Eskimos in motor-powered canoe set out to harpoon a bearded seal. *Right,* Eskimo mother holding a bottle for the baby resting in her parka hood.





Above, Mrs. James Houston, who lives in Cape Dorset, with her younger son, Sam, in her parka; in background, village. Below, the water swirling after a thrust of harpoon

Left, Mrs. Peter Allatt wearing sunglasses; left to right behind her, Sally Walker, Executive Vice President of Steuben Glass, and Dr. W. H. Higgins. *Right,* Miss Walker with rifle, ready to go sealing. *Below,* one of the birds that summer in the Arctic, the eider, a sea duck which gave its name to down.





Summer night-dressing

Night thoughts for summer: an enchanting white nightdress (left), floor-length, romantic—though it has a hidden streak of 1961 practicality (see below). White eyelet embroidery around the Empire neckline, high waist; pink-and-white polka-dotted ribboning to match the peignoir, opposite. In Fortrel—the new unwilting miracle fibre—and cotton; about $20.

Facing page: Summer peignoir to wear over the airy white nightdress here, and others: floor-length, floaty, in pink-on-white polka-dotted cotton that reverses to white-on-pink. Above the waist, eyelet embroidery, a ribbon belt. About $30. Peignoir and nightdress, by Iris; at Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Both these mid-summery coiffures combed by Enrico Caruso.

New powers in the stretch—two maillot suits and a maillot car, all de-cluttered, agile, trimmed of surplus bulk; their power concentrated in every square (actually rounded) inch. Built into the suits are new stretch-quantities, Lycra and Vyrene, that provide all this: a free nothing-on feeling, a sleek look, a good measure of figure control, and speedy drying. *The car:* A Skylark, new scion of the Buick line that—too energetic to wait for autumn car premières—is out and around now. This happy combination of compact car and sports car (comports car?) capsules 185 horsepower into a wieldy wheelbase of 112.1 inches. *Below:* Powerhousing for a figure—a maillot knitted of nylon and Vyrene, in sea-matching green-blue. The crossover front can be adjusted to different degrees of lowness. By Roxanne; $28 at Altman's; Burdine's; Frederick & Nelson. Sunglasses at Kobley & Stern. *Right:* Green and yellow printed maillot in which Lycra has a controlling interest—total weight here, only 4½ ounces. This, with a brief section of skirt at front. By Rose Marie Reid, of Lycra, Dacron, and Du Pont nylon; $40 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.



Maillots—and a new car-concentrate

PALUMBO

HOW TO GAIN WEIGHT

"How to raise white peacocks, how to prevent juvenile delinquency, how to learn Coptic. . . . I can find out how to do everything but gain weight," complained an attractive but too thin friend who longed to round herself out. "The underweight aren't such rare blooms as most comfortably curved people think—I know lots of women who are as embarrassed as I am about looking flat and bony—especially in bathing suits." We took her quandary to a doctor with irons in many medical fires, including seeing that the press gets accurate information. Dr. X, we'll call him, couldn't have been more sympathetic, and helpful.

"What about the people who say, 'I can't eat, I haven't any appetite'?" we asked him. First, he turned literary and defined our terms for us. Appetite, he pointed out, is the desire for food evoked by its taste, sight, smell, the atmosphere in which it is produced, even the memories associated with it. Dr. X explained that, at the moment, he had no particular desire for food, having just finished a delicious lunch at his club; but were we to serve him some perfect ripe chilled strawberries, their scent, colour, the pleasant associations he has with strawberries from his country vacations—all these things would rouse an appetite for them. What the haven't-any-appetite people actually mean is that they haven't a craving for food, not that they have no appetite. Craving is the desire for food unaffected by its appeal to the senses. Hunger is a word with still a different meaning; it is the body's actual need or demand for nutriment, unmotivated by the senses or mind, purely physiological. When most people say they are hungry, their bodies are not; they have enough food stored in their tissues to last weeks or months without eating. What they mean is that they crave food.

Underweight people, providing they have no disease that causes this problem, simply have less craving for food than is normal, and/or else they burn up the food they take in more quickly. There is no exact medical explanation of why. The problem of underweight actually needs more research. There's a mass of work on the hazards of overweight but comparatively little on underweight. Perhaps if the national ideal were plumpness instead of thinness the situation would exist in reverse. It's an amusing speculation. Much of our life, many of our tastes would change if plumpness became the fashion. Now, no one thinks of going to a psychiatrist because of underweight. There are few case histories dealing with the subject. The psychology, as well as the pathology, of underweight is extremely sparse in comparison with that of obesity.

The best medical advice for underweight people is—in the words of the TV commercial—"Double your pleasure." In other words, double the usual food intake by partaking of all the fattest, richest food the dieter likes best, all the favourites. A little knowledge wouldn't be a dangerous thing to acquire in this instance: knowing that there are nine calories to one gram of fat and only four in a gram of protein or carbohydrate; knowing that the cholesterol muddle doesn't apply to women until after menopause; knowing that the stomachs of thin people have to adapt gradually, like most things in nature, to their new environment, that is, the doubled quantity of food intake. If during the first few days of the new diet there is too much discomfort getting through doubled portions, a piece of bread thickly spread with butter, or a slice of cake should be substituted before leaving the table; both are easy to get down.

Many thin people claim they eat as much as anyone else, but actually they don't. They take smaller portions, or else leave a certain amount of food on their plates. Before Dr. X was married, he confided, he used to take lots of girls out. He watched them—surreptitiously, of course—and noted that they often left on their plates part of a vegetable, part of the meat or dessert course.

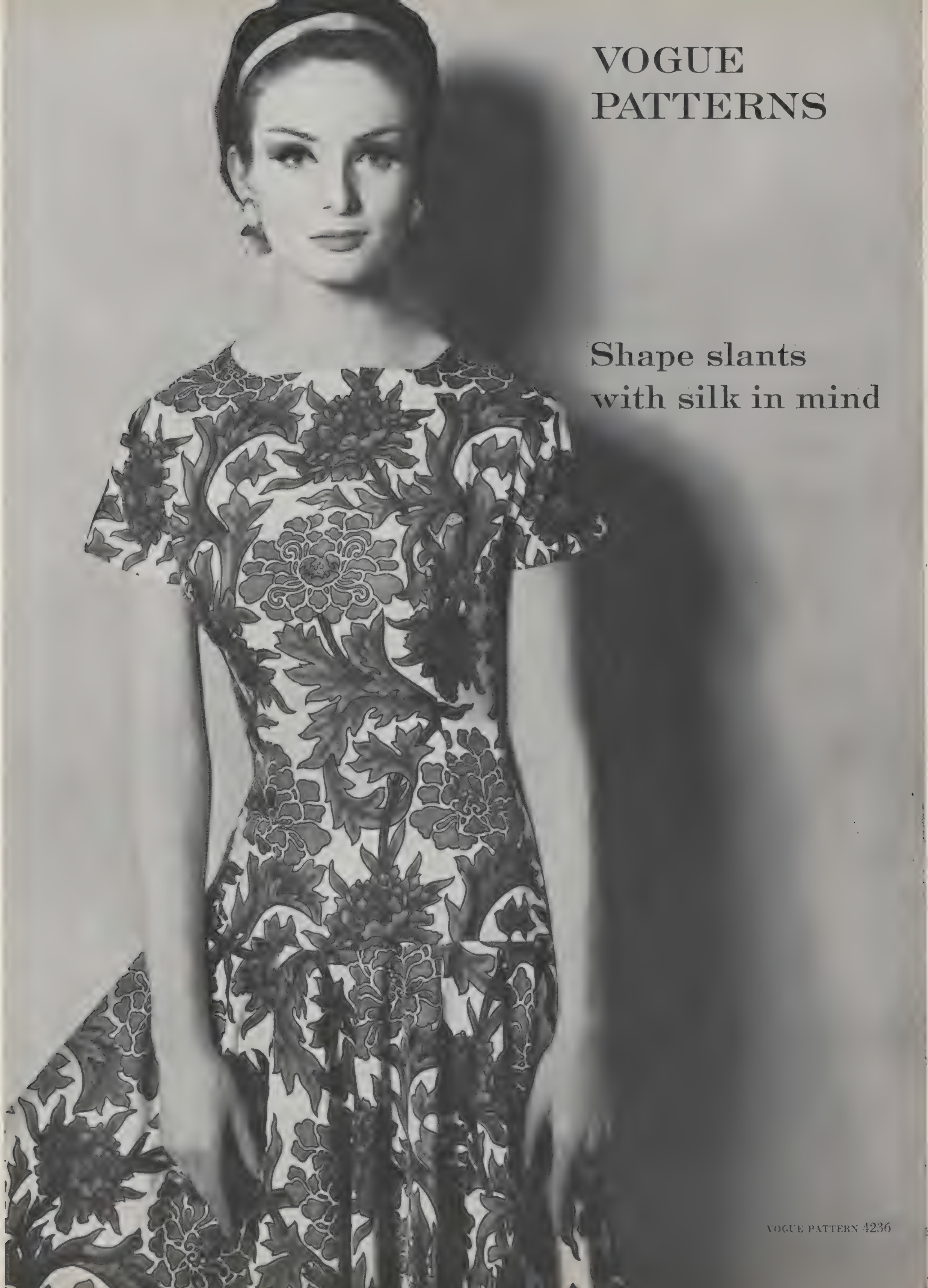
This medical private eye went on with his thorough observations. Naturally, he said, sleep and rest are advantageous to the underweight; any excessively strenuous physical activity is detrimental to their gaining weight (but not a moderate game of tennis, preferably doubles, or golf or other sports; these keep the muscles in trim and may also stimulate appetite, or more correctly craving).

Between-meal food supplements, snacks or some of the chock-full-of-everything concentrates on the market are a good way of reversing the calorie-chiselling game. If doubled portions of meals continue to be more than one can take, with a modicum of self-discipline, substituting between-meals snacks might make the difference. The supplements don't have to be the usual whipped creamy malted milks; they could include meat, steak tartare, or avocados, soups, fruits in or out of cream (sweet or sour), eggnog, quiche Lorraine, anything the dieter likes best. *(Continued on page 99)*



The little black dress gains its own jacket

A happy *fait accompli* in all but the pure colourists' wardrobes, the little black silk dress turns up here with these virtues—it has its own jacket; it's ungimmicked, seductive, and never-out-of-season. The dress is a slip of a thing, sleeveless and lithe; the jacket's back, slightly ovalled. Dress and jacket by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Italian silk, about $90. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Bramson's; Sakowitz. Kidskin gloves by Viola Weinberger: Bergdorf Goodman.



VOGUE PATTERNS

Shape slants with silk in mind

VOGUE PATTERN 4236



New shapes to make in soft ripply fabrics—fairly straight from shoulders to hips, then sloped to a flurry of fullness. Both shapes here, of silk with new print-power than runs through any season: leafy scrolls of tortoise-browns and beiges, to wear immediately with gold and tortoise jewellery, later under a layer of dark mink, perhaps, or a soft slick of black velvet. *Left:* Long semi-shifty top and low-circling flounce, a dress shape to wear with or without a loosely tied sash that could be the same silk, or cocoa-brown suède. Vogue Pattern 4236. *Right:* Dress shape with square, blousy top, gradually sloping four-gore skirt. (A quick little under-bodice holds all this blousing just so.) Vogue Pattern 5291. Both dresses are made of printed silk surah by Liberty of London. Earrings, on both pages, by Richelieu; at Altman's.
Other views and yardages are on page 21.

PALUMBO

VOGUE PATTERN 5291

Perfume—the power between the lines

In one scene of the novel, *Barchester Towers*, by Anthony Trollope, a note is delivered—"a very small note in a beautiful pink envelope"—that "quite filled the room with perfume." (What perfume we're not told, but we suspect patchouli.) The ten quotations that follow are rather like that note—small, evocative, scented in spirit if not in actual fragrance; in short, they're all about perfume, and its effect, often powerful, on the writer or on someone he's writing about. (Baudelaire, for example: "My soul . . . sails away upon thy scent" is one of his more restrained utterances.) Significantly, most of the really perfume-conscious authors are men—a fact that female readers might think over carefully. If delicious scents have such a strong effect on writers, traditionally a secluded lot, what effect must they have on ordinary, nonliterary males? Our own conclusion is: it's worth pondering. After each quotation, we've listed the present-day perfumes it suggests.

"Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—"

RUDYARD KIPLING: Lichtenberg

Kipling was actually writing about a tree called the wattle, a kind of acacia with a fragrant, golden-yellow blossom. But the same poignant, heart-cracking quality can be found in these perfumes: Caron's *Nuit de Noël;* Givenchy's *Le De;* Balenciaga's *Quadrille;* Ricci's *Fille d'Ève;* Lanvin's *Arpège.*

"There are perfumes fresh as children's skin,
Sweet as oboes, green as prairies . . ."

BAUDELAIRE: Correspondances

To Baudelaire, the scent of perfume, the sound of music, the effect of colours, were all almost interchangeable. Any of the following perfumes might suggest the sweetness of oboes, the greenness of grass: Jean d'Albret's *Écusson;* Tuvaché's *Mimosa;* Dior's *Diorissimo;* Tussy's *Early Iris;* Yardley's *Red Roses.*

"But the garden, hemmed and almost squashed between these barriers, was exhaling scents . . . the carnations superimposed their pungence on the formal fragrance of roses and the oily emanations of magnolias drooping in corners; and somewhere beneath it all was a faint smell of mint mingling with a nursery whiff of acacia and the jammy one of myrtle; from a grove beyond the wall came an erotic waft of early orange blossom."

GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA: The Leopard

Most good perfumes contain the scents of even more flowers than Prince Fabrizio's Sicilian garden, but in considerably better balance. The kind of perfume that's known as a floral bouquet should be rich, flowery, delicious, but never cloying or overwhelming. Five examples of this type: *White Magnolia,* by Helena Rubinstein; *Quelques Fleurs,* by Houbigant; *Magie,* by Lancôme; *Wind Song,* by Prince Matchabelli; *Gardenia,* by Chanel.

"Recently, when it had been difficult to see her for one reason or another, I found myself longing so much for her that I went all the way down to Pietrantoni to try and buy a bottle of her perfume. In vain. The good-tempered girl assistant dabbled my hands with every make she had in stock and once or twice I thought that I had discovered it. But no. Something was always missing. . . . It was only when in desperation I mentioned Justine's name that the girl turned immediately to the first perfume we had tried. 'Why did you not say so at first?' she asked with an air of professional hurt; everyone, her tone implied, knew the perfume Justine used except myself."

LAWRENCE DURRELL: Justine

Perhaps none of these is the actual "perfume Justine used": Lanvin's *Crescendo;* Millot's *Crêpe de Chine;* Caron's *Bellodgia;* Coty's *Chypre;* Guerlain's *Mitsouko.* But each has the same heady quality—each becomes an intensely personal ambience, a sort of signature of the woman who wears it. *(Continued on page 99)*

A power of roses (facing page)—shadowy blue-and-purple roses; here, afloat on Pierre Cardin's romantic evening dress, a drift of mousseline de soie (this, a Bianchini fabric). Dress, to order at I. Magnin. The coiffure by Guillaume.

HENRY CLARKE



"12 people for dinner: 24 hours notice"



Starring MRS. PHILIP GEYELIN
OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Cast

MRS. PHILIP GEYELIN — MILO GEYELIN, 7 years old

MR. PHILIP GEYELIN — PHILIP GEYELIN, 5 years old

MARY SHERMAN GEYELIN, 10 years old — LILI GEYELIN, 2 years old

The Dinner Guests

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE AMBASSADOR OF SPAIN, AND MRS. DE YTURRALDE

SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL AND MRS. PELL

MR. CHARLES YOST, DEPUTY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL

MRS. RONALD TREE

MR. AND MRS. STEWART ALSOP

MRS. CHAUNCEY PARKER

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JUNIOR

MR. WILLIAM WALTON

The Plot

To probe the flexibility of a wife under entertaining pressure, Vogue played a game in which Mrs. Geyelin was asked to give a dinner party on twenty-four hours notice under simulated conditions; Vogue asked Mr. Geyelin to play the part of a surprise-springing husband. But to insure the experiment, these guests were invited ten days in advance and were told that Vogue's photographer, Cornell Capa, would take their photographs; the Geyelins' part-time waitresses, Mrs. Dolly Russell and Mrs. Annie Donaldson, agreed to come that Friday evening. (More details and photographs on the next pages.)

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES:
MRS. GEYELIN GETTING THE NEWS ON THURSDAY MORNING;
MRS. GEYELIN SEATING THE GUESTS FRIDAY EVENING.

CORNELL CAPA

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

NEW WISH-BONE LOW CALORIE



Flavor so delicious, only your figure will know they're low calorie

Now Wish-Bone brings you 2 new dressings that do your weight watching for you—the first low calorie dressings with the superb flavor of the regular kind. That's because of Wish-Bone's skillful way of removing 90% of the calories while retaining all the flavor of regular dressings. The garlic-touched Italian is filled with zesty spices, the savory French-Style is piquant with crushed herbs. The Italian dressing has only 1 calorie per teaspoon (no more than you get from unsweetened lemon juice), the French-Style has only 2. Yet they're rich-tasting and smooth . . . no need to shake them before pouring. Try both these flavorful new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings for really satisfying salads the whole family will enjoy.

GET BOTH BOTTLES FREE! Just send the front label from one or both new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings, along with your name and address and the price you paid to Wish-Bone, Box 5270, St. Paul 4, Minnesota. We'll refund your money. Offer limited to one refund per family. Good only in the U.S.A. and its possessions. Void in states where taxed or prohibited. Offer expires Aug. 15, 1961.

"12 people for dinner: 24 hours notice" *continued*

Synopsis: Mrs. Geyelin organized the party, shopped for food, flowers, liquor, and cooked almost the entire dinner, arranged the flowers, set the table with the aid of her children, ironed her dress, and served, before the dinner party, some thirty-one meals in two days with the aid of a mother's helper. At the party Mrs. Geyelin looked extraordinarily pretty and relaxed in a short printed chiffon dinner dress of blue and green.

Background music: Part of the time, radio going in the kitchen, more or less blasting out the song, "A Hundred Pounds of Clay," with the last word sung as "Flesh." To this sound were added Dolly Russell using the vacuum cleaner; Lili, the two-year-old, chattering; Philip and Milo in the basement arguing; Mrs. Geyelin whipping the homemade mayonnaise; and the Siamese cat, Yul, meowing in Siamese.

Continuity: The party started on Thursday morning at 10:15 when Mr. Geyelin, a staff reporter covering foreign affairs in Washington for the *Wall Street Journal*, telephoned his wife (by arrangement) to say he had twelve people coming for dinner the next night at 8. Mrs. Geyelin, making up her own dialogue: "You dear creature, you must be out of your mind. Okay. Twelve. I really should shoot you. Seated? Okeydoke." She then went upstairs to her pale-blue bedroom, made out the menu, her shopping list, and made three telephone calls. First she called her two helpers; to Mrs. Russell she said: "Can you come? Bring your uniform. You're free, not going dancing? You are wonderful." Then she called Mrs. Donaldson. "Are you free? Annie, you're an angel. What would I do without you?" Her next call was to Mr. Wolfe at Burka's, liquor dealers. "Mr. Wolfe, what about the Hermitage 1959? Not '59, but '55? I thought '59 was the magic year. I trust you. Six bottles and 1 Cartwright and Bentley Scotch. One Kentucky Gold bourbon. One gin, not too expensive. Melrose? Good. One vodka, a fifth. Ballerina."

A graceful woman, with light auburn hair and really enormous blue eyes, Mrs. Geyelin has the quick lightness of a dancer. (She spent four years before her marriage in 1950 with the Charles Weidman dancers. In those days she wore a pony tail, black tights, wild tops, put rouge on the tip of her nose, and listened for hours to Stan Kenton records. When Weidman took her into his troupe, he said, "You have a comical back of the neck." Before she joined the troupe, she was graduated from St. Timothy's School and went to George Washington University.)

That Thursday morning, finished with her telephone chores, she picked up her list, stopped to kiss Philip goodbye, asked him, "Who didn't hang up their clothes?" to which he answered simply, "They fell down," ignoring the fact that *they* were in the middle of the rug, and out she dashed to her red Austin for marketing. (More on the next pages.)



CORNELL CAPA

Mrs. Geyelin and five-year-old Philip peeling mushrooms for the Veal Casserole in the living room; in the kitchen a mother's helper prepares luncheon.

DINNER MENU

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS
with homemade mayonnaise,
hard-boiled eggs,
black olives

VEAL CASSEROLE
with mushrooms, rice,
and sour cream

SPINACH BALLS
with ricotta and
Parmesan cheese

GREEN SALAD
with endive,
water cress,
lettuce

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
with ladyfingers,
whipped cream,
and three anemones

ESPRESSO COFFEE

The wine:
Hermitage, 1955



At the Giant Supermarket, Mrs. Geyelin picking out mushrooms

"12 people for dinner: 24 hours notice" *continued*

Mrs. Geyelin drove first to the Supermarket, bought vegetables, veal, the lady-fingers, staple supplies, whipped over to the section marked "Cheese, Magazines, Brooms," for Parmesan and *ricotta*, rolled past Mrs. Walter Lippmann picking out string beans. The checker, as she paid her bill, asked: "How're you doing with Shirer's *Third Reich?*" She said: "I haven't scratched the first chapter." Later, after the florists, she drove to the French Market to discuss with Mr. Robert a choice of three *pâtés* and a *galantine*, ended with the *Pâté Maison*. As she paid, she told the cashier, "add on *trois* Boston lettuce," asked him "*Avez-vous du* Campbell's consommé?" Going out the door she called out, "*Ça va, alors*, okay." And started for home.



Messenger brought wine, a guest who could not come sent flowers, and Mrs. Geyelin fixed the spinach, cut up the veal.



One of her flower arrangements. After the Supermarket she stopped at three florists, picked out laurel leaves, Sea Foam Statice, and three anemones.



In the basement, while Milo paraded in his Marine cap, Lili tottered around in sneakers, and Philip climbed a column, Mrs. Geyelin pressed her dress.



Home from school, Mary shows a good report in arithmetic, Milo a good in conduct.



Mrs. Geyelin said: "My best possessions, my hair dryer and the washing machine."



"The trick with homemade mayonnaise is the slow flow of the best oil."



Ten minutes before Zero Hour: the check-off.





CORNELL CAPA

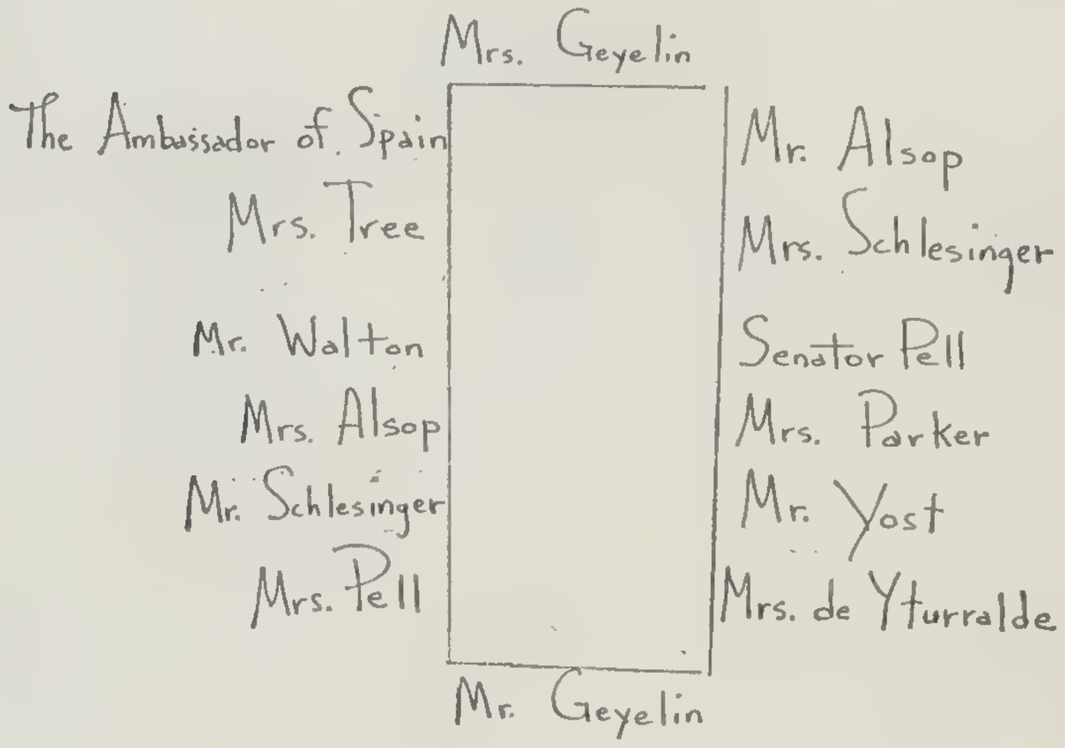
CORNELL CAPA

"12 people for dinner: 24 hours notice" *continued*



Her four children helping Mrs. Geyelin set the table on Thursday. (They think it is fun.)
Milo wears his grandfather's Marine cap.

The cream and green Geyelin dining room, like the living room, has a flavour of comfort, Regency and Directoire furniture, and an easy charm compounded partly of a variety of objects on which to rest the eyes—Lowestoft plates in a pickled pine cabinet, paintings of birds, flowers, horses, primitive portraits of children, perhaps by itinerant painters. For a snap of the contemporary in the dining room and entrance, the Geyelins put down black and white squares of vinyl which Mrs. Geyelin every two or three months scrubs down with Brillo and shines with something that looks like nail polish. As the Geyelins usually have a party like this one at least once a month, she followed her well-worked manual of arms. She said: "Just good food, good wines, good conversation, and the men feel safe and warm and secure in a pleasant room." As she looked over the table just before the guests arrived, she said: "I love my life."



The party swung like a balloon. Mrs. Geyelin said:
"I wouldn't dream of telling my husband the work behind the scenes, he'd perish from boredom."



Signed Drinks

Recipes from men who rarely give out their private drinks-formulae



MR. IVOR BRYCE *mingles measures of fresh pineapple juice and light rum for his drink, Xanadu, named for his radiant house in Nassau.*

XANADU

1 PART FRESH, OR UNSWEETENED PINEAPPLE JUICE
1 PART LIGHT RUM
A SPOT OF DUBONNET FOR COLOUR
SQUEEZE OF LEMON JUICE

Stir in a pitcher of ice, pour into chilled cocktail glasses.

MR. THEODORE GARY *cheers his yachting guests with a vodka variant of a Bullshot, called Union Jack.*

UNION JACK *(for six)*

½ CUP ROSE'S UNSWEETENED LIME JUICE
2 TINS CAMPBELL'S BEEF BOUILLON
6 JIGGERS VODKA
DASHES OF TABASCO
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE TO TASTE
PINCH OF CELERY SALT

Shake with big ice cubes, pour over ice.

MR. WALTER KOHLER, *former Governor of Wisconsin, mixes an after-dinner drink called "Kohler Cooler," which is actually pretty hot.*

KOHLER COOLER

For each coffee cup:
1 LUMP OF SUGAR SOFTENED WITH ANGOSTURA BITTERS
1 JIGGER BOURBON
STRONG HOT COFFEE

Fill the cup, serve instead of after-dinner coffee.

THE HONOURABLE FREDERICK H. BOLAND, *Ambassador from Ireland to the United Nations, devised this delicious Irish drink.*

IRISH MIST COCKTAIL

1 PART IRISH GIN
½ PART IRISH MIST
½ PART DRY VERMOUTH
SQUEEZE OF FRESH LEMON JUICE

Shake hard with cracked ice and pour into chilled glasses or over ice cubes.

MR. NICOLA MOSCONA, *of the Metropolitan Opera Association, likes this Mexican mixture.*

MOSCONA FIZZ

1 JIGGER METAXA BRANDY
1 TEASPOON POWDERED SUGAR
JUICE OF HALF LEMON
JUICE OF HALF LIME

Shake with shaved ice, serve in a tall glass with sparkling water.

MR. EDWARD P. MAFFITT, *Political Counsellor of the United States Embassy in New Delhi, India, serves a "Man-Eater," a recipe given to him by his father.*

MAN-EATER

4 PARTS BOURBON
1 PART ORANGE JUICE
1 TEASPOON SUGAR

Moisten the rims of cocktail glasses with orange juice, dip in sugar and fill with well-shaken orange juice, sugar, and bourbon.

MR. DELMER DAVES, *the Hollywood director whose latest movie is* Parrish, *has a refreshing formula called Pimm's Tea.*

PIMM'S TEA

1 JIGGER PIMM'S CUP NO. 1
ICED TEA
LEMON SLICES

Pour the Pimm's Cup No. 1 into tall glasses, stack with ice, add tea, and garnish with slices of lemon.

MR. PIERRE MILLET, *Alternate Permanent Delegate of France to the United Nations, serves a Paris version of a whisky and soda.*

WHISKY AND PERRIER

1 OUNCE SCOTCH
2 OUNCES PERRIER WATER
1 ICE CUBE

Perrier, a tasteless, dancing mineral water, gives this classic drink lasting pep.

MR. GIOVANNI MARTINELLI, *for years a great tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Association, likes this drink.*

A MARTINELLI

1 PART CAMPARI BITTERS
3 PARTS GIN
2 PARTS SWEET VERMOUTH

Shake hard with ice, serve over ice cubes, with a wheel of crushed orange.

MR. CARLOS VAN BELLINGHEN, *The Consul General of Belgium in New York, mixes a drink as pretty as it is pleasant.*

MID-ATLANTIC

1 PART ORANGE JUICE
4 PARTS GIN
1 EGG WHITE
½ TEASPOON LEMON JUICE
CUTTING OF LEMON RIND

Pour orange juice and gin over ice, add zest of lemon and egg white, shake until frothy, serve in chilled glasses.

MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM *of Louisville, Kentucky, uses bourbon as the solid base of his after-dinner drink, a Wringer.*

WRINGER

3 PARTS BOURBON
1 PART WHITE CRÈME DE MENTHE

Pour over cracked ice and shake; serve in a chilled saucer champagne glass or in a large liqueur glass.

(Continued on page 103)

Four crystal glasses, *left to right:*
Swedish flute glass; from Georg Jensen.
Austrian champagne glass; Tiffany.
German cooler glass with thumb rest; Georg Jensen.
Double old-fashioned glass; Baccarat.
Glass sipper; Altman's.

HOW TO GAIN WEIGHT

(Continued from page 84)

Don't those in-between snacks tend to kill "appetite"? Sometimes, Dr. X said. If that happens, the underweight might get on to the midnight or bedtime snack habit; enough time elapses before breakfast for the craving for food to reassert itself. If sleeplessness follows, which is unusual, it might be wise to ask a physician about sleeping pills. Or another solution, any time of day or night, could be banana snacks. Bananas are digested quickly and don't interfere with regular meals. The trick in any kind of dieting, for gain or loss, is to custom-fit, to one's own measurements, own tastes. Supposing a thin woman dislikes desserts, she might try an after-dinner drink, say brandy or chartreuse; all liqueurs and liquors are filled with calories.

We then started wondering about wonder drugs. There is a medical diversity of opinion about the efficacy of vitamins as "appetite" stimulants for underweights who have no actual diagnosed vitamin deficiency. Some doctors believe that vitamins B_1 or B_{12} given in large doses step up a craving for food. The thinner the person, the more dramatic the weight-gain is likely to be, they claim.

Dr. X, our original informant, believes, on the contrary, that current research doesn't warrant giving vitamins to underweight people who have no deficiency. He believes there aren't *any* drugs that are adequately proved to produce a physical increase of food craving. Most of the new synthetic steroid compounds, Anadrol, Morodrol, and others, he said, appear to stimulate a weight gain with seriously ill people, but the experimental controls have not been up to his standards. Some doctors, however, insist that a new steroid, which is related to progesterone and testosterone, is advisable and effective in producing an increase of food craving. The steroid is administered only in the first few weeks of treatment for extreme cases of underweight, not as a long-term catalyst because of its side effects. (It is, of course, to be used only under regular medical supervision.) The increase in food craving ascribed to any of these drugs, Dr. X believes, may be just the psychological result of all the attention the patients get during the experiment, or their belief in the drugs' efficacy. He does not think that the drugs themselves stimulate a craving for food physiologically.

There's no doubt that the craving or lack of it for food is sometimes regulated by nervous states. Under stress, most people experience changes in eating habits. These go two ways—overeating and undereating. A friend of Dr. X's, for instance, during a particularly trying time in her husband's career couldn't resist buying boxes of chocolates and eating them compulsively, although she rarely touched candy at other times. Some people when excessively nervous have very little craving for food. Such states are usually only temporary, but a person who has lost, say ten pounds, under stress may have difficulty climbing back to the normal weight level. The same plan for regaining weight applies in these temporary cases as in the long-term underweight ones.

Is there a way of controlling where new weight goes? As liquid takes the shape of the mould it is poured into, Dr. X explained, weight gain follows the natural idiosyncrasies of the body; weight gain can't be directed into special areas. Exercise, especially in the open air, not only increases the desire for food but tones up muscles that have gone saggy and adds to the natural support of the new weight.

Dr. X next said, smiling, that when he writes his great book on nutrition, he will have more to say about the unexplored areas of underweight. We wished him luck and went quickly off to tell all our underweight friends about what seems to most women the incredibly cheery idea of designing a diet based on all the fattest, juiciest, most tempting food they can think of to gain weight on. The gimmick? Simply will power, an ingredient of every successful diet.

PERFUME—THE POWER BETWEEN THE LINES

(Continued from page 88)

"I'll never forget this moment. . . . You forget a girl's face but you don't forget her perfume."

SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER: Incense to Idols

Our candidates, for perfumes unlikely to be forgotten: *Nostalgia*, by Monteil; *Carnet de bal*, by Revillon; *Voulez-Vous*, by D'Orsay; *Madame Rochas*, by Marcel Rochas.

"Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I leave you this to think of me when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it? Heliotrope? No, Hyacinth? Hm. Roses. I think."

JAMES JOYCE: Ulysses

The scent of roses and other flowers wafts, deliciously, from *Intimate*, by Revlon; *Joy*, by Patou; *Fleur Sauvage*, by Monteil; *Bon Voyage*, by Dana; *Joya*, by Myrurgia.

"When she is near, I can not say
What gives me such intense delight...
Perhaps the music of her scent!
Perhaps the perfume of her voice!"

BAUDELAIRE: Fleurs du Mal

Some perfumes have exactly this quality of "intense delight"—bright, sparkling, joyous. Four that come to mind are: Marcella Borghese's *Ecco*; *Electrique*, by Max Factor; Ciro's *Reflexions*; Corday's *Trapèze*.

"He longed to cry out loud 'Stop! Show me your real self! Throw off your disguise! . . . Put on . . . the blue dress with its delicate jabot, the scent like a meadow that was so much a part of you.'"

COLETTE: Chéri

"The scent like a meadow"—warm, grassy, and golden—describes these perfumes: *L'Heure Bleue*, by Guerlain; *Blue Grass*, by Elizabeth Arden; *Nosegay*, by Dorothy Gray; *Red Lilac*, by Lenthéric; *Golden Shadows*, by Evyan.

"How reviving as well as pleasing some scents of herbs and flowers are is obvious to all.... In a long gallery of the Indian House at Amsterdam, where vast quantities of mace, cloves, and nutmegs were kept in great open chests, I found something so reviving in the perfumed air that I took notice of it to the company with me."

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE: Essay on Health and Long Life

Great chests full of spices are nice, but not necessary to produce the

(Continued on page 101)

A YOUNGER,
HEALTHIER SKIN
IN ONLY
3 MINUTES...



WONDERFIRM
CREME
PLASTIQUE

...smooths, firms, stimulates.
Performs almost like a face
lift to bring the vital
radiance of youth. $5.00

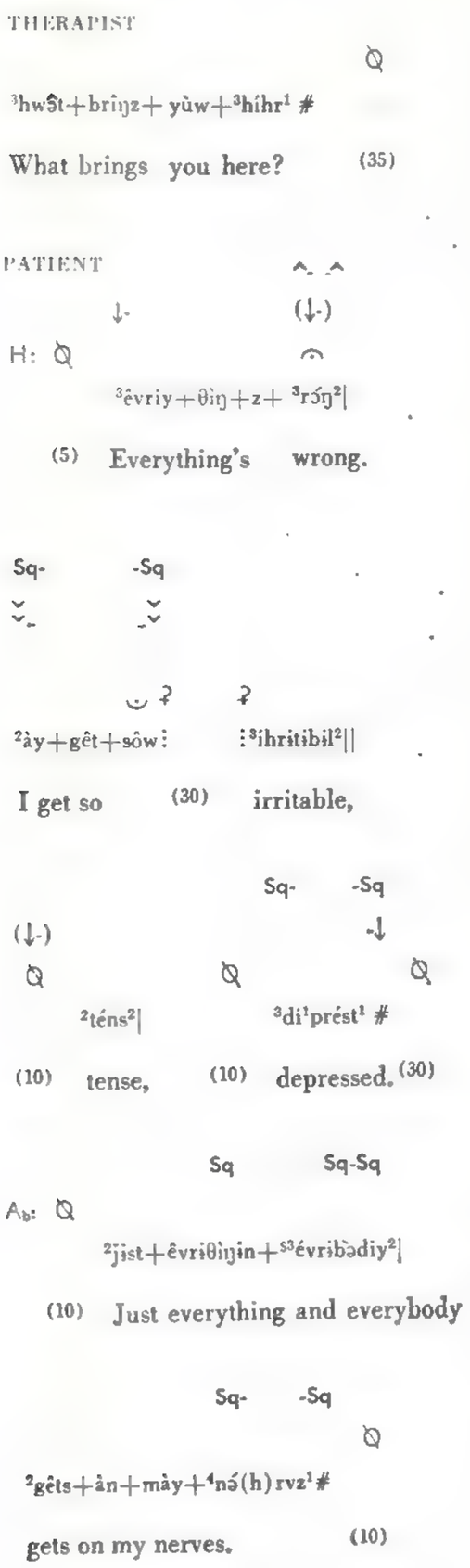
Estée Lauder

666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

HOW MUCH DO YOU TELL WHEN YOU TALK?

(Continued from page 41)

Interpretation, naturally, remains the rôle of the therapist, but orientation—not only the patient's vocal giveaways of geographical and socio-economic background, but also vocal but non-verbal giveaways of danger spots in his relationship to people—can be considerably beefed up by the linguist. His esoteric charts of the voice alert the therapist to areas where deeper probing may bring to light underlying psychological difficulties, making them apparent first to the therapist and eventually to the patient. In one now-historic first interview, for example, the transcript (reproduced from the book, *The First Five Minutes*) goes like this:



The therapist's level tone is bland and neutral—he has, for example, avoided stressing "you," which would imply disapproval; or surprise, which would set the patient apart from other people. The patient, on the other hand, is far from neutral; aside from her specifically regional accent, she reveals by the use of the triad, "irritable, tense, depressed," a certain pedantic itemization that indicates she has some familiarity with literary or scientific language (i.e., she must have had at least a high-school education), and she is telling a story she has mentally rehearsed some time before. Then she catapults into "everything and everybody," putting particular violence on "everybody," indicating to the linguist that this is a spot to flag—that is, it is not congruent to the patient's general style of speech up to this point. Consequently, it is referred to the therapist for attention. He may then very well conclude that "everybody" is probably not the true target of her resentment. Immediately thereafter, the patient fractures her rehearsed story, veering into an oversoft, breathy, sloppily articulated, "I don't feel like talking right now."

Within the first five minutes of this interview it is apparent to the therapist that "everybody" truthfully refers to the woman's husband. She says later, but still within the opening five minutes, "I keep thinking of a divorce but that's another emotional death."

The linguistic and paralinguistic signals of misery are all present in the voice chart for this sentence; so are certain signals that she does not accept divorce. By saying "a*noth*er emotional death," she reveals that there has been a previous one, although she has not described it in words. This the therapist may pursue in later questioning. The phrase, "emotional death," interesting and, to a non-scientific mind, rather touching, suggests that this woman may have some flair for words, perhaps even something of the temperament regrettably called "creative."

Since the psychiatric interview, like any other interview, depends on communication, it is significant to note that the therapist in this interview was a man of marked skill and long experience. His own communication apparatus operated superbly, and Lillian Ross readers will note instantly its total lack of resemblance to the blunted, monumentally unmeshed mechanism of Dr. Blauberman. Interestingly enough—although none of the real-life therapists involved could conceivably compare with Blauberman—when groups of them began playing back interviews, they discovered any number of ways in which they wanted to polish their own interview techniques; almost everyone, on first hearing one of his own sessions on tape, expressed some desire to take the whole thing over again.

Yet, in spite of this, intensive study of the taped interviews by teams of psychotherapists and linguists laid bare the surprising fact that, in the first five minutes of an initial interview, the patient often reveals as many as a dozen times just what's wrong with him; to spot these giveaways the therapist must know either intuitively or scientifically how to listen. Naturally, the patient does not say, "I hate my father," or "Sibling rivalry is what bugs me." What he *does* do is give himself away by communicating information over and above the words involved. Some of the classic indicators, as described by Drs. Pittenger, Hockett, and Danehy in *The First Five Minutes*, are these:

AMBIGUITY OF PRONOUNS: Stammering or repetition of *I*, *you*, *he*, *she*, et cetera may signal ambiguity or uncertainty. On the other hand significant facts may be concealed—*she* may mean *I*; or *everybody*, as it did with the tense and irritable woman mentioned before, may refer to a specific person. The word that is *not* used can be as important as the word that *is* used; therapist and/or linguist must always consider the alternatives. When someone says, for example, "They took X rays to see that there was nothing wrong with me," it pays to consider how this statement would normally be made. (This patient, in actuality, was a neurasthenic who had almost come to the point of accepting the fact that it was not her soma but her psyche that was the cause of her difficulty.) . . . Amateur linguists note here that Pursewarden, in Durrell's Alexandria Quartet, stammered when he spoke of his wife, which is hardly surprising in view of their disastrous relationship.

UNEXPECTED DISTRIBUTIONS OF STRESS: These can be natural to certain dialects in which case they are readily set aside. But when someone (again the woman previously described) says "that's another emotional death," coming down hard on the noth' in another, something's askew.

ABANDONED DIRECTIONS OF STATEMENT. These occur when the speaker is obviously changing his story; usually it is possible to get some inkling of what he might have said if he hadn't switched, and the likely alternative can be a cue to his difficulties.

VARIATIONS IN SMOOTHNESS. Too-smooth delivery may be the sign of a previously rehearsed story. Roughness can mean heightened indecisiveness. However, deviation either way suggests that the context be carefully examined.

VARIATIONS OF VOLUME, REGISTER, TEMPO, AND VOICE QUALITY. In English, these fluctuations traditionally indicate something about the speaker's attitude towards what he is saying or the person or thing about whom he is talking. (In other languages the sound-picture changes; overloudness, for instance, can only mean anger in Chinese, while in English it may simply express emphasis injected for purposes of clarity.) A few of the signals that could be sounded by overfast, clipped speech are the desire to get over an unpleasant subject, to get away from it quickly; the desire to forestall interruption—here pitch and volume are apt to go up; and fear, which is again the impulse to run away from a subject. On the other hand, lingering over certain words, fondling or drawling them may show special preoccupations.

PAUSES, SIGHS, GASPS. Too complex to explore here, these usually serve as markers within an interview.

What we call "meaning" comes to us from the interrelation of all such signals—linguistic, paralinguistic, and kinesic.

At present, while many cans of psycholinguistic peas remain to be opened, the "linguists in anthropology" who were responsible for the first breakthroughs feel that they have a workable system for symbolizing on paper every event that takes place in human communication. Ideally, they like to work with a movie of the interview plus a sound track. (From the movie, all the communication that goes on by means of kinesics—head-shaking, eye-swivelling, and so on—is recorded; a toothy smile, for in-

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HOW MUCH DO YOU TELL WHEN YOU TALK?

(Continued from page 100)

stance, transcribes like this:  .)

Still esoteric, still controversial, psycholinguistics nevertheless is functioning successfully in cases being studied at New York's Upstate Medical Center in conjunction with the departments of anthropology and linguistics and of psychology at the University of Buffalo. Its potential is also being explored at both the Eastern and Western Psychiatric Institutes in Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. It provides now—and promises to provide more widely in the future—an extra set of techniques to speed the training of young psychotherapists, a device that substitutes for the intuitive sensitivity to voices and kinesics that usually comes with long years of interviewing and practice. Both psychologists and linguists agree it stands a good chance of paring hours off the time required for diagnosis and therapy, as well as making it easier to pinpoint the progress of therapy. In Dr. Smith's phrase, it represents "the calibration of the 'third ear.' "

Next autumn, at the University of Buffalo, a young man out of the Midwest, Dr. Norman Markel, will become the world's first professor of psycholinguistics—technically, an assistant professor with one iron in Dr. Smith's fire of anthropology and linguistics, one in the department of psychology. Primarily a psychologist, Markel came to the University in 1960 as a post-doctoral fellow financed by the National Institute of Mental Health. This past year he has polished his linguistics skills to a nice edge, and within the span of the next three years—working with both the anthropology-linguistics department and the psychology department, and sometimes with the U.B. Medical School—he expects to set up a psycholinguistics laboratory in which the exploration of human communication will hit some new highs. "Interaction situations of all sorts" is the phrase these behavioural scientists give to their own new frontier; by this they mean, basically, that they will be dealing with non-psychiatric interviews, with group conferences, straight factual descriptions, and so forth. In other words, the voices will, one assumes, be non-disturbed voices. In the meantime—and I conclude he does it to annoy—Dr. Smith displays on his office wall a smallish shingle saying, "Don't just sit there. Worry."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In an article of this limited scope, it proved impossible to credit all the people who have contributed to the subject. Dr. Henry Lee Smith, Jr., was the primary source of information, and his* TV *shows (one with Dr. Harold Taylor in the "Meet the Professor" series, one a part of his own Language and Linguistic series made for the* National Educational Television and Radio Center) *supplied its first impetus. Two books, and segments of their bibliographies, were especially useful:* The Initial Interview *by Merton Gill, Richard Newman, Frederick C. Redlich and* The First Five Minutes *by Robert E. Pittenger, Charles F. Hockett, John J. Danehy.*

PERFUME—THE POWER BETWEEN THE LINES

(*Continued from page 99*)

fresh, spicy sweetness Sir William described. The same effect can be attained with *Potpourri*, by Shelley Marks; *Tapestry*, by Mary Chess; *Old Spice*, by Shulton; *White Satin*, by Angelique; or *Directoire*, by Charles of the Ritz.

"He heard someone come across to his bed, and closed his eyes against possible conversation. . . . In the succeeding pause a faint enticement, a nostalgic breath of all the fields of Grasse, teased his nostrils and swam about his brain. He savoured it and considered. . . . What was floating expensively about his nostrils was L'Enclos Numéro Cinq. *Only one person of his acquaintance used* L'Enclos Number Five. *Marta Hallard."*

JOSEPHINE TEY: The Daughter of Time

What Inspector Grant smelled was not *L'Enclos Number Five*, since there isn't any such fragrance. But what he might have smelled is one of these charmers: *Chanel Number Five;* Balmain's *Vent Vert;* Carven's *Vert et Blanc;* Fabergé's *Straw Hat.*

See page 104 for acknowledgements.



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DON'T BLINDFOLD HIM!

THE AWESOME-looking instrument in the picture above is an electron microscope. Through it, a cancer researcher can observe the detail of a cancer cell—magnified 100,000 times.

The microscope costs $35,000 and was paid for by American Cancer Society funds—which supports 1300 scientists, all working to find the cause of cancer, and its prevention.

Don't blindfold cancer research. Give to it. Send your contribution to CANCER, c/o your local post office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY ®

ARCTIC HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 79)

All of our food had been flown in from Ontario. Necessarily. For one reason, the Eskimos are short on rations. For another, their diet of raw seal and raw fish would require more than our allotted time there to become accustomed to. We did try some seal liver, unsportingly broiled. It compares favourably with the best calf's liver, tender and succulent. The only fish swimming these waters is the Arctic char, an exotic relative of the trout, with orange-red meat that rivals salmon in flavour and texture. About nine pounds each, they are delicious poached or broiled. Even during the height of the Arctic summer, food is easily preserved. Meats hung on a rope between two poles, in bright sunlight around the clock, remain dry and frozen. To ice a drink to perfection, one sets it outside the tent for a few minutes.

The thermometer ranged between 30° and 50° F. during our stay, but strong winds made it seem colder. We grew to like the wind because when it died, mosquitoes—large, furry, and lethargic—came to life. In camp, protected by the hills and our tents, the cold seemed far away, but on the water it was savage. No swimming here. A man falling in is given three minutes to live.

Warming us on our outings were attractive parkas and boots, made for us in advance by the Eskimos. Summer parkas consist of two layers: a pull-over of heavy waterproof cotton in any colour, trimmed with braid and fur—white fox, blue fox, wolverine, or wolf; an inner white duffel parka, the women's beautifully embroidered in traditional patterns. Eskimo women, skillful sewers, for their family's prestige depends on their craftsmanship, made adjustments in fit quickly. Knee-high boots, sealskin with fur tops, were worn over two thicknesses of embroidered duffel socks. Although we had sent up outlines of our feet well ahead of arrival, no boots fit us on first try. Why became apparent: our feet were odd. Used to a short, wide, archless foot, the Eskimos thought our measurements must be wrong; no one could have the kind of foot that we had traced. When we convinced them, the boots were whisked away, rechewed, resewn, returned in hours. Few Eskimo women have anything but stubs of teeth, for they soften sealskin for boots by chewing it.

Booted, hooded, and mitted, we had both comfort and freedom of action for shooting, which is what we did exclusively. Though we had brought along casting rods as well as rifles, we became so absorbed with seal hunting that we left fishing to the Eskimos. (As a matter of fact, even the Eskimos fish only when they desperately need food. It's a sign that one is not a good seal hunter.) After breakfast the first morning, we climbed down over the slate-blue rocks to the water's edge and a red canoe which ferried us to the larger boats, a forty-five-foot Peterhead and a whaleboat. Like porpoises, canoes skipped along in the wake of the larger boats. Two hours later, out in Foxe Basin, we began looking for seal. When the Eskimos called out *Tuga*, "take a look," we spotted small heads, wet black, among the whitecaps and floating ice in the water. The technique is to aim within inches of the seal's head to frighten it under water and to continue until the boat reaches harpooning range. Then comes the killing shot, followed immediately by harpooning by a skillful Eskimo—a dead seal sinks instantly. Scrambling into a canoe, the Eskimos, after following the inflated seal bladder attached to the line of the harpoon to mark its whereabouts, then haul in the prize. The small seal, the Silver Jar, weighs approximately 200 pounds, but the favoured catch is the large bearded seal, the Ugjuk, often weighing a half ton. After six days of concentrated hunting, our catch totalled two Ugjuk and five Silver Jar.

We watched the Eskimo women slit, skin, and cut up these animals on the shore. The man is the hunter, his wife the butcher. From our group, Dr. William Higgins from Richmond, Virginia, assisted with the dissection, a complex ritual in which certain parts of the seal are allotted to the persons on the hunt according to their age, status, experience, and a few mysterious factors. An Eskimo feast followed, although the greater part of the meat was cached away for leaner days. (We learned later that this small cache staved off starvation during the lean winter following, when the hunting was extremely poor for several months.) The Canadian government had issued seal hunting licenses (numbering 1 to 8) to us with the stipulation that any seal we shot would remain the sole property of the Eskimo. Our taste of the delicious liver was a ceremonious present to my husband from the Eskimos, and I am the owner of one Silver Jar skin.

Time has no meaning in the Far North. Midnight to 2 A.M. is what we would call summer twilight. At 3 A.M. it is like noon on a summer day. This constant daylight, plus non-functioning watches caused by our proximity to the magnetic Pole, changed our clock-watching habits; we quickly adapted ourselves to the Eskimo's relaxed no-schedule life. When the desire to move came, we went off to hunt, accompanied by picnic lunch and primus stove. A midday break usually found us anchoring to explore an island. Once we climbed several hundred feet to a beautiful Arctic waterfall to eat our Dagwood sandwiches. Another day we stopped at Sakiak, a small rocky island, the only nesting place of the eider duck and the only place where the Eskimo is forbidden to shoot. A sign in Eskimo, placed there by James Houston, pointed this out.

We made frequent trips to Cape Dorset, about thirty minutes away by boat. A postage-stamp settlement, Dorset is the government centre for an area of 60,000 square miles. A few sunwashed white wooden buildings, some with red and yellow doors, house the school, the teacher, the nursing station, the Hudson Bay Trading Post and the trader, the craft centre, and the small church, where services, conducted by a lay reader, sometimes run four to five hours. The Houston house is close by. Approximately ten Eskimo families live there year-round. Many more arrive with the summer, abandoning their snow houses melting miles away on the trail, to pitch their canvas tents here.

Minute as the settlement is, Dorset looms up like a megalith in the world of Eskimo art. The people have carved since they first learned to hunt, making their hunting tools from stone, ivory, or bone. For reasons of their own—magic, success in hunting, or merely amusement—they have always carved such small figures as seals, walrus, birds, humans, especially mothers with their infants, men hunting. These figures are strong, simplified, and beautifully proportioned. The Eskimo is a hunter first, a carver second, but from his life of hunting he has developed a sharp observation and knowledge of each animal. Soapstone, quarried nearby, is the raw material. Varying from grey to green to almost black, the sculpture takes on a lovely sheen from hand rubbing with stone dust.

The Eskimo has long decorated his clothing with appliqués cut from sealskin. Recently Houston, an artist himself (an exhibition of his drawings will be held in New York in September), extended this handicraft to the making of prints from stone blocks or sealskin stencils. To make the stone-cut print, the Eskimo first shapes and smooths the face of the stone. Then the etching is laid on, either by a raised design or an incised one. After putting on ink, by brush or roller, the paper is placed on top and rubbed. When a limited number of prints are run, the face of the stone is removed, and a new design carved on it.

For the sealskin stencil, the design is cut out of the skin with a regular knife or an ulu, the sharp curve-bladed Eskimo woman's knife, and the paint is applied with a brush to force it through the openings. As sealskin is water-repellent, it resists paint—but paper soaks it up. The first prints had been run off just before our arrival, and we were moved by the strength and beauty of this new Eskimo art. Since that time, a number of successful exhibitions have been held in this country and Canada.

One night we went to an Eskimo dance at Cape Dorset. Every one in the region crowded into the one small schoolroom—including infants only a day or two old, naked but warm in the hoods of their mothers' parkas. Announced for 9 P.M., the dance began nearer eleven. Each round, lasting several hours, consisted of a series of steps roughly related to the Virginia reel, the square dance, and the sailor's hornpipe. The air was thick, the noise deafening, but clearly the happiness was enormous.

A few Eskimos speak English, learned while they were in southern Canada recuperating from tuberculosis. Once a great scourge, tuberculosis has been almost stamped out now. No cold virus can live long in that climate, but everyone catches a cold whenever a visitor arrives with one. Eskimos have no immunity to colds, nor to measles, a disease which is usually fatal to them. At

Cape Dorset the government maintains a small clinic, but the nearest doctor is about a thousand miles away; as in the outback in Australia, the doctor diagnoses and prescribes by radio. A seriously sick or wounded patient is flown out. Dr. Higgins made the rounds with the male nurse one day to help him treat a sick baby and a man with a bad foot.

In time of trouble, which is most of the time, the Eskimo philosophy can be summed up by one of their words, *Iyonamut*, "it can't be helped." They smile readily, laugh a great deal, and adore jokes. They must have thought the same of us, for they gave us en masse an Eskimo name, *kovia-suk-tu-muit*, "happy people."

As in Nantucket, where everything non-Nantucket is "off island," to the Eskimo the Arctic is "inside" and the rest of the world is "outside." We will never forget the "inside." Two friends who accompanied us, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Allatt, were drawn back there to live. A pre-expedition New York insurance man, Peter Allatt now teaches school in Dorset.

Note: Camp Tellik is open July 15 to September 15, and seal hunting is good through these dates. Char fishing is excellent July 15 to August 1, good from August 1 to August 15, but not after that date. All-inclusive arrangements for such a trip may be made through Austin Airways Limited, Toronto Island Airport, Toronto 2B, Ontario.

SIGNED DRINKS

(Continued from page 98)

GENERAL BRADLEY GAYLORD, *U. S. A. Retired, a connoisseur who lives in Chatham, Massachusetts, and Antigua, B.W.I., mixes his version of the "best Manhattan in the world."*

MANHATTAN POSITANO

2 PARTS BOURBON
1 PART POSITANO

Shake with ice and serve in a chilled cocktail glass with a cherry or a twist of lemon peel.

Here, some drink ideas from vintners and other experts.

MR. LOUIS BENOIST, *president of the Almadén Vineyards in California, serves this punch at large summer gatherings—or for the grape harvest.*

ALMADÉN ROSÉ CHAMPAGNE HAWAIIAN PUNCH
(for thirty)

6 FIFTHS ALMADÉN ROSÉ CHAMPAGNE
3 FIFTHS ALMADÉN GRENACHE ROSÉ
½ FIFTH ALMADÉN CENTENNIAL BRANDY
1 SMALL TIN FROZEN PINEAPPLE JUICE
1 BOX FRESH STRAWBERRIES
SPRIGS OF FRESH MINT

Mix Grenache Rosé, brandy, and pineapple juice in a punch bowl, add sliced strawberries and large block of ice. Just before serving, pour in the champagne, sprig with fresh mint.

MR. FREDERICK WILDMAN, *an importer of wines, improvised this drink with his new apéritif, Positano, made in France but named for an Italian village.*

HALF-AND-HALF

1 PART POSITANO
1 PART GIN

Serve over ice cubes with a strip of lemon peel.

MARQUIS DE LUR-SALUCES, *owner of the great Château d'Yquem vineyards of Bordeaux, often serves a Sauterne cup, but probably with a lesser vintage than his own* Grand Premier Cru, *which should be chilled, pure, and unadulterated.*

COUPE SAUTERNE

½ CUP CHILLED SAUTERNE
½ TEASPOON ARMAGNAC
½ TEASPOON LEMON JUICE
1 DASH ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Stir the ingredients together, garnish with strawberries, and perhaps fill the glass with sparkling water.

MR. FRANCIS T. HUNTER, *president of "21 Brands," has this fillip of a mint julep, a classic base with new overtones.*

JOHNNY REB MINT JULEP
(for each glass)

2 OUNCES JOHNNY REB KENTUCKY BOURBON
½ OUNCE WHITE CRÈME DE MENTHE
1 TEASPOON GRANULATED SUGAR
DASH OF BOCA CHICA PUERTO RICAN RUM
FRESH MINT LEAVES
POWDERED SUGAR

Strip a handful of fresh mint leaves into a wooden salad bowl, and pour over the bourbon, white crème de menthe, and sugar. Add a little shaved ice and muddle the mixture with the back of a wooden spoon until the leaves are crushed and the ingredients well blended. Bank the bottom of a silver, pewter, or glass tumbler with ½ inch of shaved ice, and then spoon in half the mixture. Add shaved ice until two-thirds full, then fill almost to the top with the remaining mixture. Sprinkle rum on top, stand a few sprigs of sugar-dusted mint in the tumbler, and leave for twelve minutes to frost in the refrigerator.

MR. ROBERT MONDAVI, *owner of the Charles Krug Wineries in California, uses his wines for such quenchers as this.*

CHENIN BLANC COOLER
(for one)

CHARLES KRUG CHENIN BLANC
CASABA MELON
SPARKLING WATER
LEMON WHEELS

Put a long stick of casaba melon into each tall glass packed with ice. Fill half with wine, half with sparkling water, top with a lemon round.

MR. ADOLPH HECK, *owner of the Korbel vineyards in California, makes a sparkler of a wine bowl with champagne, delightful for any number.*

KORBEL CHAMPAGNE COOLER
(for ten)

2 BOTTLES KORBEL CHAMPAGNE SEC
2 CUPS OF DICED MIXED FRESH FRUIT
1 BOTTLE GREY RIESLING
SPARKLING WATER
LEMON ROUNDS

Scatter the diced fruit around an ice block in a crystal punch bowl, add champagne, Grey Riesling, a quart of sparkling water. Ladle into chilled tulip champagne glasses, swim a lemon round on top.

DOUGLAS BRADLEY, *president of the Angostura-Wupperman Corporation, found this pick-up in Trinidad.*

RECONDITIONER

3 DASHES ANGOSTURA
1½ OUNCES RYE OR BOURBON
¾ OUNCE LEMON JUICE
1 TEASPOON FINE GRANULATED SUGAR
SLICE OF ORANGE OR MARASCHINO CHERRY

Shake ingredients over ice and pour into a chilled flute-shaped glass.





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POPULARITY

(*Continued from page 48*)

take him in here to be under my care, in return for which he would act as a servant—but every now and then he asks permission to go out for the evening and the next day we read in the *Morning Post* that he was at some social gathering to which I should never be invited."

It was, as I was saying, a peculiarly sultry day and after tea the doctor led us through the suites of rooms which, richly decorated, with gilded cornices and painted ceilings, formed a strange setting for the wretched lunatics, all overexcited by the heat. Many of them shook as if with fever, and their faces were yellow from the glow of the gilding as much as from illness. You could hear cries and roars and screams on every side.

When we had completed our tour we went out onto the platform at the top of the staircase leading down to the garden. The vista was a perfect instance of the aesthetic beauties caused by neglect. It was not a flower garden, but a large pleasance, though owing to the skillful planning it looked immensely larger than it really was. An idyllic rusticity prevailed, aided by the greensward, stone vases, pools of bracken, and groves of old trees. We wandered about there for a while and talked. Then, as we turned to climb up to the portico, we saw approaching a tall, lank man with an air of some distinction, who carried over his shoulder a bag of golf clubs.

"Oh, I am so glad," the doctor remarked to me, "that this particular patient has come out. He must be on his way to the golf course. I'd like you to meet him. Don't feel the slightest alarm: he has never been violent and is a very charming person."

The doctor beckoned to him to join us and he was formally introduced to me.

"This is Mr. Osbert Sitwell," the doctor announced.

"Are you Sir George's son?" the lunatic at once demanded.

I admitted it, and before you could say Jack Robinson—or whatever other proverbial name you use to describe the swiftest passage of time—his demeanour changed and rather hastily selecting a golf club, he shouted:

"Then I should like to kill you."

By some means or other the doctor persuaded him to disarm and go away without any of us incurring injury. But it was a breathtaking moment. Having successfully spirited the patient away, the doctor hurried back to us saying:

"Oh, I am so sorry! What a dreadful thing to happen! He has never been known to behave like that before."

In the same instant I recalled my father striding along in the Great Court at Montegufoni, and the faces peering down at him, and I wondered by what precise act of his I had so nearly, if vicariously, shared his popularity. I never found out.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *About the Sitwells —Osbert, his brother Sacheverell, and their sister Edith—Arnold Bennett wrote: they "live in a world of perceptions and sensations of their own, extraordinarily, insultingly, different from anybody else's." From that world, Sir Osbert Sitwell has been, for more than forty years, sending forth intermittent communiqués in indelible lemon juice. "Popularity" is an excerpt from his new book,* Tales My Father Taught Me, *to be published here by the Atlantic Monthly Press. (His father, the late Sir George Sitwell, once observed of his famous daughter, whose manner has been most often described as Gothic: "Edith made a great mistake by not going in for lawn tennis.")*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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